

IMPROVEMENT ERA



AUGUST, 1927

Vol. 30

No. 10

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCI-
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Who among the shouting millions
That great Lindbergh's act acclaim,
Equal praise and homage render
To the Author of his fame?

Who among them credit Master
With what man was sent to do,
Ere the Eagle of the Ocean
O'er the wide Atlantic flew?

Morse, the first to launch the lightning
On an errand of good cheer,
Glorified, not gift, but Giver.
Why not all that Name revere?

He it was flashed inspiration—
Sped the arrow to its goal;
He the Pilot of the airplane,
Genius of its mystic soul.

Clothed He, too, the world-crowned hero
In the armor that availed,
When the lure of things commercial
His integrity assailed.

Not to swell old Mammon's coffers,
Carved this youth a deathless name.
Nourished he a nobler passion—
God's "big business" his high aim.

"WE," indeed, wrought out the marvel—
He above through him below.
Had there been no God in Heaven,
What would Earth of Lindbergh know?

ORSON F. WHITNEY.



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IMPROVEMENT ERA

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AUGUST, 1927

No. 10

LATTER-DAY SAINT IDEALS AND INSTITUTIONS*

BY ELDER ORSON F. WHITNEY, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

DEFINITION OF TERMS

My first duty to this congregation is to define the terms used in the title of my address. You all know what Latter-day Saint means; so I need not dwell upon that. But what is meant by ideal? And what is an institution? To such as need be told, I now address myself.

Broadly speaking, an institution is something that is already established, while an ideal is a thing not yet attained, or a thing unattainable. Ideal does not mean unreal; it is just a loftier real. The ideal might be termed the parent of the real.

THE NEED OF IDEALS

Man needs ideals; and, for aught I know, God needs them. There must always be something above and beyond, something in the lead, to incite and encourage effort; else progress would cease. In ideality is the principle of leadership.

The ideal stands upon a mountain top, beckoning to the real to come up higher. But as we climb the mountain, the ideal recedes and takes yet higher ground, where it continues to beckon and point upward. We press on and on, but Alps on Alps arise, and the summit of one attainment proves the point look-out to heights still unsurmounted. Thus the ideals of yesterday have become the institutions of today; and the ideals of today will be the institutions of

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tomorrow. But "tomorrow never comes;" it is itself an ideal, such a one as Wordsworth dreamt of:

"The light that never was on sea or land—
The consecration and the poet's dream."

DREAMERS AND BUILDERS

Yes, the poet is a dreamer, an idealist. But so is the architect and the builder of railroads. Sewing machines, telephones, automobiles, airplanes and radios—these were once ideals. They are dreams that have "come true," slumbering thoughts that have awakened, ideals that have become institutions. Every great project is dreamt of, thought out, before it is consummated. If there were no dreamers, there would be no builders, and consequently no advancement. Lindbergh, "the lone eagle," who flew across the Atlantic and won the praises of two hemispheres, returning, as President Coolidge said, "unsullied," "uncommercialized," "unspoiled," had to dream before he could achieve his marvelous exploit.

THE POET'S MISSION

In his noble concept of the poet and his mission, Dr. Holland gives this illuminating glimpse:

"The poets of the world are the prophets of humanity. They forever reach after and foresee the ultimate good. They are evermore building the Paradise that is to be, painting the Millennium that is to come, restoring the lost image of God in the human soul. When the world shall reach the poet's ideal it will arrive at perfection, and much good will it do the world to measure itself by this ideal, and struggle to lift the real to its lofty level."

INSTITUTIONS THE OFFSPRING OF IDEALS

Institutions are the offspring of ideals. Churches, schools, libraries, lecture halls, theatres, hospitals—these are institutions. So are banks and business houses, those having character and stability. An institution is also "an established order, principle, law or usage." Marriage is an institution—and divorce threatens to become so, owing to its alarming and fickle frequency. But it represents an abnormal condition, and will pass away—the sooner, the better.

The Government of the United States is an institution, the embodiment of an ideal. So likewise is the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It was an ideal that brought the Pioneers into the Wilderness, to redeem a desert, to found schools and establish newspapers, to erect a Tabernacle, with a great organ, one of the greatest in the world; to organize splendid choirs and orchestras; to build temples—temples to God, and temples to Music and Art; to plant civilization amidst savagery, and lay the foundations of an empire where solitude and desolation once held undisputed sway.

But there are greater ideals than these, and they stand as on a

mountain top, inviting us to ascend. Let us go up, and from that loftier summit, survey three great institutions and three great ideals peculiar to the philosophy of the Latter-day Saints. The institutions are Man, Earth and Time. The ideals are God, Heaven and Eternity.

THE SYMBOLISM OF THE UNIVERSE

I have long held the view that the universe is built upon symbols, whereby one thing bespeaks another; the lesser testifying of the greater, lifting our thoughts from man to God, from earth to heaven, from time to eternity. This, I believe, was what the Lord was teaching Abraham when he said: "If two things exist, and there be one above the other, there shall be greater things above them" (Abr. 3:16). Already the Lord had said to Adam: "All things have their likeness, and are made to bear record of Me" (Moses 6:63).

Man, created in the image of God, testifies or bears record of his Creator—not only by tongue and pen, but by his personality. Men and women, such as I see before me, are in the likeness of the Eternal Father and Mother, and by that likeness they bear record of their heavenly Parentage.

THE EVERYWHERE SPIRIT

When Joseph Smith came into the world, Christians were worshipping, as God, what an English poet of the eighteenth century terms a "Soul," which

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glowes in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

I do not mean to say that all Christians were of that mind. Many believed in a personal Deity, the God of the Bible, of whom the Son of God said: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." But the God of the churches was then, as now, the "Soul" described by the English poet—Alexander Pope.

SONG OF UNITY

Just the other day I came across an anonymous poem, "Song of Unity," a virtual reassertion of Pope's brilliant verse. I give it entire:

I Am not secret nor apart,	I Am the kisses of the sun.
That you must think, 'Lo, there,'	I Am the tears of rain.
I Am the All, immersed in all;	I Am the welcome breath of spring.
Behold Me everywhere!	That bring new life again.
I Am the morning zephyr, sweet,	I Am the spirit of the seed,
That softly sweeps the lea;	The budding of the flower:
I Am the music of the brook	I Am the beauty that you see
That flows into the sea.	Unfolding every hour.

I Am the singing of the birds,
 The rustling of the leaves;
 I Am the holy force of life
 In everything that breathes!
 I Am the thrill of harmony
 You feel but cannot tell;
 I Am the firm, unchanging law
 That doeth all things well.

I Am the light that never fails,
 The Power that never dies;
 I Am the Still Small Voice within,
 That bids the soul arise.
 I Am the fruit of highest thoughts;
 I Am the Iron Rod
 That strengthens and supports the
 whole—
 I Am what men call GOD!

Now this is all very beautiful, and all very true if confined to a description of that universal spirit which proceeds forth from God, fills the immensity of space, and is imminent in all creation. It is the light of the world, the lamp of the human mind, the power by which the grass grows, the flowers bloom, the birds sing, and all Nature rejoices.

But that is not our Father in heaven, nor is it our Elder Brother, Jesus Christ, nor the Holy Ghost—those three divine personages who constitute the eternal Godhead and preside over all things. It is not even the gift of the Holy Ghost, which is reserved exclusively for the members of the Church of Christ. The spirit of which I am speaking is a universal possession, enlightening in some degree every man that cometh into the world.

THE TRUE GOD

Through Joseph Smith, the lost knowledge of the true God was restored to a world wandering from the Truth, worshiping, not God, but a spirit sent from God—not Divinity itself, but an emanation from Divinity. Joseph, having seen God, as Moses saw him, was in a position to affirm, as did Moses, that man is in the image or likeness of his Maker. Moreover, he declared that man is God in embryo, and that God is man made perfect. Thomas Carlyle, that great philosopher, hit upon the truth, but not the full truth, when he said: "What is man but a symbol of God?" Plato had virtually affirmed it, in saying: "All things are symbolical." But Joseph Smith went further. He proclaimed God to be "An Exalted Man."

The strength and uniqueness of such an ideal are apparent, without preface or argument. There is nothing to equal it in all the religions and philosophies of the world. Joseph Smith, when he uttered that great truth, was "restoring the lost image of God in the human soul."

So much for Man, and his corresponding Ideal. Now, what of Earth, which was made for man, not merely as a temporary abode, but as an eternal inheritance, an everlasting possession? Here is the record of its creation:

WHY EARTH WAS MADE

"Now the Lord had shown unto me, Abraham, the intelligences that were organized before the world was; and among all these there were many of the noble and great ones; * * *

"And he said unto me: Abraham, thou art one of them; thou wast chosen before thou wast born."

"And there stood one among them that was like unto God, and he said unto those who were with him: We will go down, for there is space there, and we will take of these materials, and we will make an earth whereon these may dwell;

"And we will prove them herewith, to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them;

"And they who keep their first estate shall be added upon; *
* * and they who keep their second estate shall have glory added upon their heads for ever and ever." (Abraham 3:22-26.)

A brief story; but how wonderfully comprehensive! The Pre-existence of Man, the Purpose of Creation—a creation out of "materials" already existing—and the conditions of advancement to Eternal Glory, all outlined in those few plain words!

TRUTH VERSUS TRADITION

Antiquated Tradition, personified in pious, well-meaning people, has asserted for centuries that God made the earth and all created things out of nothing. No doubt it was a sincere conviction, as much so as the belief, once entertained, that this planet was the center of the universe, with sun, moon and stars revolving round it; for disputing which and insisting that the earth moved round the sun, and not the sun around the earth, Galileo was called in question and compelled to recant, on pain of punishment as a heretic. But Galileo was right in the first place; a fact conceded by the successors to those who found fault with him and his glorious scientific discovery.

Tradition, however, is still tenacious of the equally false notion that the earth and all things pertaining to it were made out of nothing. Revelation has corrected this error, but Tradition still asserts it.

Even were Revelation silent upon the subject, Reason, it would seem, ought to convince any thinking mind that it is impossible to produce something from nothing. Nothing remains nothing, of necessity. There must be materials for every creation, and no amount of sophistry can change the fact. "Facts are stubborn things," and common sense lies at the foundation of all true philosophy. It does not glorify God to ascribe to him power to do things that cannot be done.

INTERPRETING BY THE SPIRIT

But, asks one, do not the Latter-day Saints believe the Bible, and does not the Bible say: "All things are possible with God," "All things are possible to them that believe"? Yes, but the Bible also says: "No man hath seen God at any time," which saying, if interpreted too literally, would blot the Bible out of existence and dynamite the foundations of the Christian faith. We must interpret the letter, which "killeth," by the Spirit, which "giveth life."

So interpreted, that sentence would read: No man, with his natural eyes, hath seen God at any time. It is with spirit eyes that men see God, and even then it is the glory of God that enables them to behold him, (Moses 1:11). In like manner we might render the other phrase thus: All possible things are within the power of them that believe.

Of course, many things impossible to man are possible with God. I do not question that. I simply say—and say it reverently—that when a thing cannot be done, when it is utterly and absolutely impossible, neither man nor God can do it; and the making of something out of nothing is a case in point.

A FAULTY DEDUCTION

This error arose out of a denial that matter is eternal, self-existent. A false premise brought forth a false conclusion. The author of the erroneous deduction, having accepted, I suppose, the Bible statement that “in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth,” was unable to reconcile therewith the idea that something previously existed out of which heaven and earth were made—something of older date than the ordered universe. Hence, the dogma denying a creation, out of materials already in existence.

BERKELEY AND BYRON

Bishop George Berkeley, an Anglo-Irish philosopher, who died about the middle of the eighteenth century, declared that matter did not exist. Lord Byron wittily retorted: “When Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter, it was no matter what he said.” Byron was right. There is matter, and there is spirit (which is a purer, finer matter, Joseph Smith says); and the two, eternal spirit and eternal matter, enter into the composition of worlds and all that they contain.

A TWO-FOLD CREATION

The creation was two-fold. Everything was made twice—first as a spirit, then as spirit and body combined. “The spirit and the body are the soul of man, and the resurrection from the dead is the redemption of the soul” (Doc. and Cov. 88:15, 16). This is true, not only of man, but of other forms of life. Death dissolves these forms, but Resurrection restores them, and they live on.

Science confirms revelation, in declaring that not one particle of matter can either be created or destroyed. Creation is simply organization; or shall I call it education—the moulding and refining of the eternal elements into higher and nobler forms?

DO ANIMALS HAVE SOULS?

A few months ago—it was only last January—a number of United States Senators were discussing with more or less gravity the question: “Do dogs and other animals have souls?” Four upheld

the affirmative; four, the negative; and the rest were non-committal. The question had arisen over some action taken by the French Academy, during a discussion on the revision of the French Dictionary. The Senator who struck nearest the truth was Mr. Robinson, of Indiana. He said, according to report: "The spirit of Almighty God is in all life, human, animal and plant, to some degree. There must be something of the spirit of God in everything that lives."

Thus saith the Lord upon the subject:

"And now, behold, I say unto you, that these are the generations of the heaven and of the earth, when they were created, in the day that I, the Lord God, made the heaven and the earth;

"And every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew. For I, the Lord God, created all things, of which I have spoken, spiritually, before they were naturally upon the face of the earth. * * *

"And I, the Lord God, formed man from the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul. * * *

"And out of the ground made I, the Lord God, to grow every tree, naturally, that is pleasant to the sight of man; and man could behold it. And it became also a living soul. * * *

"And out of the ground I, the Lord God, formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air; and commanded that they should come unto Adam, to see what he would call them; and they were also living souls; for I, God, breathed into them the breath of life." (Moses 3:4, 5, 7, 9, 19.)

Thus we see that the affirmative of the question, "Do Animals Have Souls?" is amply sustained by divine revelation; and that is quite as good, and a little bit better, in my judgment, than any decree of the French Academy, or any decision by any number of Senators sitting at Washington.

The poet Byron's satirical epitaph on the monument of his dog, "Boatswain"—"denied in heaven the soul he held on earth"—shows how that great thinker would have cast his vote, had the opportunity been his. Byron evidently believed that animals have souls, the theologians of his time to the contrary notwithstanding.

And Joseph Smith so believed, or he would not have said (as he is reputed to have said) concerning his favorite horse, when it died, that he expected to have it in Eternity. Nor would he have uttered his heaven-inspired pronouncement, that "the four beasts" seen in vision by John the Revelator (Rev. 4:6) "in describing heaven," "represent the glory of the classes of beings"—men, beasts, fowls, and creeping things—"in their destined order or sphere of creation, in the enjoyment of their eternal felicity." (D. and C. 77:1-3)

This is enough, I think, to convince any Latter-day Saint that animals do have souls—that is to say, each animal is a spirit and a body, these together constituting the soul; and the same is true of the trees, plants and flowers. They were not formed for any merely temporary purpose, and are to be eternally perpetuated.

THE LESSON TAUGHT BY A WHEAT GRAIN

Apropos of spiritual and temporal duality in the vegetable kingdom: A learned man, who was a chemist, set himself the task of making a grain of wheat. He first took a natural wheat grain and separated it into its component parts, finding that there was so much lime, so much silica, so much of this element and that, in its composition. He then took equal parts of the same elements, and by means of his scientific knowledge, his chemical skill, moulded them into a grain of wheat so exactly similar to the one that Nature, or the God of Nature, had provided, that the natural eye could not detect the difference. But there was a difference—a vast difference. He planted the two grains; and the one that God had created sprang up, while the one that man had made stayed down. God's wheat grain had within it something that man could not give. What was it? I think we may reasonably conclude that it was a spirit, a spark of the Eternal.

THE LORD'S SCHOOLHOUSE

Earth might be termed a schoolhouse—the Lord's schoolhouse; but it is not his only one. He said "unto those who were with him:" "We will make *an earth*." The phrase, "an earth," is significant. This planet did not lead the list of God's creations. It was neither the first, nor was it to be the last among them. No apprentice hand brought this world into being. "Worlds without number have I created," the Lord said to Moses, "and as one earth shall pass away, and the heavens thereof, even so shall another come; and there is no end to my works, neither to my words" (Moses 1:3, 38). And thus Enoch, apostrophizing Deity: "Were it possible that man could number the particles of the earth, yea, millions of earths like this, it would not be a beginning to the number of Thy creations; and Thy curtains are stretched out still" (Ibid 7:30).

"An earth wheron these may dwell." "These" were the pre-existent spirits of the human race—*this* human race—some of the "lesser intelligences" surrounding the Supreme Intelligence, who had instituted, for their uplift and advancement, the Everlasting Gospel. For these—God's sons and daughters—this earth was created.

WHY MORTAL LIFE?

The primal purpose of man's descent to earth is to obtain a body, and thus become a soul, capable of endless increase and eternal progression, achievements impossible to the spirit alone, which is incomplete without the body. It is the soul—"spirit and element, inseparably connected,"—that "receiveth a fulness of joy." And this is made possible through the Fall and the Redemption. Through the Fall, the spirit obtains its mortal body; the Redemption renders that body immortal; and by continued faithfulness in the Gospel—

obedience to its elevating and exalting principles—the soul goes on to perfection.

The placing of man on earth was also to give him opportunities for development amidst the changes, vicissitudes, and trials of mortal life; so that by tasting of sorrow and joy, the bitter and the sweet, he might become wise, and gain the education for which he enters the University of Human Experience; to graduate in due season, fitted and prepared for life and labors in the worlds beyond.

Still another reason for man's earthly existence, is the testing of his integrity in this, his second, estate, where he walks by faith, and not, as in the previous life, his first estate, by sight. It is by faith that we grow spiritually,—a growth which too much knowledge, or knowledge gained at the wrong time, would retard, since knowledge swallows up faith and prevents its exercise. We demonstrate our integrity by believing without seeing; by reaching after God, as a flower, even in a darkened room, reaches after the sunlight. Earth-life, in short, is a probation.

SOCIAL GRADINGS HERE AND HEREAFTER

"All things have their likeness." As man is like unto God, so earth is like unto heaven. Social gradings prevail there, as they do here; but upon higher principles. In heaven, as on earth, like cleaves to like, or, to use a homely metaphor, "birds of a feather flock together." But in heaven it is for higher and holier reasons. Here, society bases itself upon distinctions of wealth, lineage, or some other central idea serving as a magnet, drawing together those who are mutually congenial, those who "feel at home" one with another in such atmosphere and environment. The rich seek the society of the rich. The poor mingle with the poor. The good are out of place among the wicked (except as teachers and reformers) and would be unhappy if permanently placed there. They would feel almost as wretched as would the wicked, were the gates of heaven to open and take them in.

"Aristocracy clusters around three cardinal ideas," said a teacher of mine, a Frenchman, in the old days at the Deseret University, now the University of Utah. "In England, it is blood and birth; in America, money and the power that money wields; in France"—and he smiled proudly as he said it—"it is intelligence and culture." Such was his conviction. There is much truth in it, and it illustrates my point. There is a likeness between Heaven and Earth, and things earthly typify things heavenly.

"Great are the symbols of being,
But that which is symbolized is greater.
Vast the create and beheld,
But vaster the inward Creator."

It was wisely ordered that man should become familiar with

"the symbols of being," that he might, in higher worlds, act intelligently in the presence of the things symbolized.

DEGREES OF GLORY

There are three grand degrees of heavenly glory. "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead." Thus states Paul the Apostle.

Joseph Smith teaches the same doctrine more fully and more plainly. Says he, in substance: The glorified planets are God's kingdoms, and to each a law is given. Whosoever would inherit any one of those kingdoms, must abide the law pertaining to that kingdom, whether it be celestial, terrestrial or telestial. Those unwilling to abide any law, and who are determined to be a law unto themselves, are not meet for a kingdom of glory, and gravitate to their proper place, as naturally as water seeks and finds its level.

TIME TESTIFIES OF ETERNITY

All this is typified here. The Church, with its spiritual powers, gifts and blessings; the State, with its political offices, honors and emoluments; Society, with its vain pursuits and empty diversions; and the gloomy prisons, with their hapless inmates;—all symbolize conditions in the Hereafter. It is Time testifying of Eternity.

CELESTIAL LAW

Celestial Law, which governs the Celestial Kingdom, is revealed only to those who are capable of obeying it. It demands and gives all for all—the fulness of reward for the fulness of obedience. To live by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God—that is the celestial law. It stands for the utter abnegation of self. Those who live it in fulness, love their neighbor as themselves, and do all things with an eye single to the glory of God. "They are they into whose hands the Father has given all things * * * They are gods, even the sons of God."

Enoch and his city were sanctified by this law. It was practiced at Jerusalem by the Apostles and Saints; and upon this land, by the Nephites and Lamanites, when converted to the risen Christ. Introduced, but not fully established, in this Gospel dispensation, it will yet be practiced in power, so that Zion can be redeemed, the New Jerusalem built, and the way prepared for the coming of the King of Kings. Earth, by obedience to celestial law, will eventually become a heaven, and celestial beings will inherit it—like cleaving to like. Celestial law, a supreme institution, is the key to Celestial Glory, the highest ideal in the Church of Christ.

EARTH AS A PLAYHOUSE

"And we will prove them herewith, to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them."

I have likened earth to a schoolhouse. It also suggests a playhouse—a theatre. Is not the simile borne out by the words just quoted? Who are they that are looking down upon us, to see if we are playing well or ill the parts assigned to us in this great drama of mortal life? Do not the Gods and Angels and spirits of the just compose that vast audience—"the Congregation of the Mighty," of which the Psalmist tells? And the Holy Spirit, that wise and ready Prompter, is He not busy in our behalf, watching over us,—not jealous of our success, as we are of one another—but only anxious, as are all the heavenly host, that we shall acquit ourselves with credit and win the laurel crown of life eternal?

THE SEVEN AGES

"All the world's a stage," says Shakespeare, "and all the men and women merely players. They have their exits and their entrances; and one man, in his time, plays many parts." I have often wondered if that marvelous, many-sided genius told all that he had to tell upon this important subject. Most of you are familiar, no doubt, with Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man:"

"At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel.
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side.
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

Fine! But is there nothing more to be said on such a theme? Is there not a higher and wider application of the immortal bard's illustrious metaphor, "All the world's a stage?"

THE PART IMAGINATION PLAYS

Often, while sitting at a play, I have been led to reflect upon how small a part of the performance takes place before the eyes of

the people in the auditorium. Were it not for the power of imagination, which extends the action both ways, so as to include what supposedly has gone before and will follow after the scenes visualized, how slender, how incomplete, how unsatisfactory would such a performance be. What takes place in the mind, the incidents that fancy supplies, the larger part of the play, suggested to the inner consciousness prior to the entrance and after the exit of the characters upon the stage—these emphasize and give power to the visible presentation, clothing it with a glamour and investing it with a charm that it would not otherwise possess. And the same is true of a book—a book worth reading. The greater part of it is outside the cover and in the mind of the imaginative reader.

THE UNMEANT OR WITHHELD

Poets and even prophets—who are the greatest of poets—"build better than they know," and are often credited with meanings and interpretations that they did not dream of when uttering what inspiration gave them. But just as frequently is it the case that the poet cannot express his full thought, owing to the inadequacy of his language as a medium of expression; while the prophet purposely withholds, in accordance with the dictates of divine wisdom, "things unlawful to be uttered" before their time.

WHAT WAS SHAKESPEARE TEACHING?

Is it not probable, therefore, that Shakespeare meant more than he expressed? Was he not teaching, as great teachers sometimes do, and as the Greatest of All frequently did—teaching by suggestion a larger lesson than the one openly inculcated? Was he, or was he not, covertly presenting the doctrine—too advanced for Shakespeare's day—that not only the world, but the whole vast stretch of Time is as a stage, with an eternity on either hand, as the wings from which emerge into view, as fast as their cues are given, the characters who strut their brief hour and then pass off the scene to the varied destinies awaiting them?

WORDSWORTH AND PRE-EXISTENCE

Some may scoff at the idea, and ask, What had Shakespeare to fear from his generation? Let such remember how Wordsworth, two hundred years later, was called to account for these luminous, truth-revealing lines:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar."

This lofty teaching was too much for the rigid orthodoxy of Wordsworth's time. It could allow for the pre-existence of the Son of God, but not for the pre-existence of man in general. Wordsworth

had to recant or half deny that his heaven-inspired intimation meant as much as his bigoted censors seemed to fear. In like manner, Galileo, having declared that the earth moves round the sun, was compelled to recede from his position. But after his recantation, when he was where his judges could not hear him, he said: "The earth moves." And I fancy I hear Wordsworth saying, under his breath, after he had "explained his explanation" and satisfied his critics: "Man did live before this life—I care not what they say."

Was there not as much bigotry in Shakespeare's day as in Wordsworth's? Rather more, I fancy, and of a fiercer, crueller kind, if history tells true. It is doubtful that even a Shakespeare, in Elizabeth's reign, would have ventured to proclaim all he thought, would have dared to divulge all he knew.

Yes, "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players," cast for certain parts, and in duty bound to play those parts to the acceptance of the Great Manager, who assigned them, and under the whispered suggestions of the Infallible Prompter, whose wise counsel men do well to heed. "All the world's a stage"—but those who limit the application of the metaphor to the individual life, in its successive and varying phases from the cradle to the grave, rob it of half its meaning and of more than half its glory. The Pre-existence and the Life to Come must both be reckoned with in any attempt to explain this intermediate period of man's probation—this brief moment in a boundless, indivisible Eternity, which mortals, for their own convenience, have named the present, the future and the past.

GOD TEACHES BY SYMBOLS

Do I err, then, in believing that the universe is built upon symbols, to the end that it may bear record of its all-wise Architect and Builder? God teaches with symbols; it is his favorite method of teaching. The Savior often used them. On one occasion he wished to inculcate the lesson of trust in God, for the benefit of his disciples, who evidently feared that if they left their bread-winning avocations and went forth preaching the Gospel, they would not get food to eat or clothing to wear. Pointing to the flowers at the roadside, Jesus said: "Consider the lillies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, will he not clothe you, O ye of little faith?" He was using the flowers to symbolize his servants, and impress upon them the sublime lesson that Providence is over all.

THE ESSENCE OF POETRY

The Gospel is replete with symbolism, with poetry—poetry of the highest type. The very essence of poetry is in symbolism and the

power of suggestion. Rhyme is but a small part of poetry. It is an artifice, used by the poet to make his thought more attractive. It pleases the ear, and helps the sentiment to reach the heart. But most great poems are rhymeless. Rhyme bears about the same relation to poetry as paint or polish on a piano or an organ, to the instrument itself. It would be an organ or a piano without the paint or polish; but it would not be as pleasing to the eye. Shakespeare makes Polonius say to Laertes: "The apparel oft proclaims the man." Yes, but it does not make the man; it only makes him more presentable in society.

Prophets are poets, but they do not always poetize. Still, the utterances of great prophets are generally rhythmical and replete with imagery. Attest the writings of David, Solomon, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and others, veritable prophets and veritable poets, who, in some of the grandest songs ever sung, have indeed built "the Paradise that is to be," painted "the Millennium that is to come."

THE GREATEST POET AND POEM

Read the parables and sayings of the Savior, you that love poetry and would inhale the perfume of its sweetest and most fragrant flowers. The greatest poet that has ever lived was not Shakespeare, nor Milton, nor Dante. It was Jesus Christ. Not because he wrote verses, for we have no record of his having written any; but because he saw deepest into the mystery of life, into the divine symbolism of the universe—His own creation.

The greatest poem in existence is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Adam's offering of the sacrificial lamb, in the similitude of the Lamb of God, who was to take away the sins of the world; the Hebrew Passover, with its wealth of prophetic symbolism, also pointing to the Lamb of God, the Great Deliverer, of whom Moses, meekest of men, was typical; the ordinance of baptism, instituted in the likeness of Christ's burial and resurrection; the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, in which the broken bread and poured wine or water represent the body and blood of the World's Redeemer; all these are poems—poems in action and in form, parts of the great Gospel Poem, whose author is God, even the Son of God.

Anything is poetic that stands for something greater than itself. Man is poetic, in that he symbolizes his Maker: Earth, because it is typical of Heaven; Time, for it bespeaks Eternity.

THE ONE ETERNAL NOW

Strictly speaking, Time is a part of Eternity, set off, segregated, and subdivided into centuries, years, months, weeks, days, hours, minutes and seconds—all for man's convenience. But God does not reckon that way. With Him there is neither past nor future. It is all one eternal Now.

THE GREATEST IDEAL AND INSTITUTION

But I must close. I hope I have said something that will help you, my young brethren and sisters, in your studies and reflections upon the religion of our Lord and Savior. He is the Great Ideal and his Church—the body of his Gospel—is the Great Institution.

THE GOSPEL TOUCHSTONE

To the graduates of the Brigham Young University, I said some days ago, and I now say to you: Do not think that you can find anything better than the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Do not think that divine revelation can be made to bend to human theory, however ingenious or plausible. Truth is not to be stretched upon a Procrustean bed, and chopped off or lengthened out, to conform either to antiquated tradition or the ever-changing ideas of modern scholasticism.

Wherever you go, my young friends, take the Gospel with you. Bind it about your necks. Write it upon the tablets of your hearts. Make of it a touchstone, and try all that is offered to you as truth, as science, as philosophy. Whatever tallies with it, you can safely accept. Whatever contradicts it, is not worth your care. God bless you! Amen.

Summer

As she steps from the mist of the morning,
The sun turns her tresses to gold;
And the blossoms all smile
At the red rose's wile
That tints cheeks and lips with its bloom.

The breeze fills her feet with its fleetness,
The day weaves its gleams for her gown,
And each bird to her voice
Lends the lilt of its choice
To flood earth with resonant song.

The stars shower gems to adorn her,
The dew gives rejuvenate life,
And, as if to requite,
The moon sheds its light
In silver and opal and pearl.

So, she grows in her gladness of being,
A marvel in feature and form,
Till the King of the North
Sends his stern legions forth
To take her a captive forsooth.

TEMPLES OF GOD*

BY BRYANT S. HINCKLEY, PRESIDENT LIBERTY STAKE

Apostle Paul tells us (I Cor. 3:16, 17), "Know ye not that ye are the temples of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defileth this, the temple of God, him shall God destroy: for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

This ancient apostle had a fine appreciation of the importance and dignity that attaches to individual strength and personal purity.

One of the outstanding proofs of the divinity of this latter-day work and of the inspiration of its leadership is the religious importance which it attaches to the moral soundness and physical well-being of its members, for these are basic requirements if any people are long to endure.

We believe that this earthly tabernacle is an integral and eternal part of the immortal soul of man, that in the great scheme of man's progress the acquisition of this earthly tabernacle was a necessary and most important step. This fundamental doctrine gives an exalted place to the temple in which man's spirit is enshrined and attaches an added importance to the care of one's health and the protection and development of each of us physically and mentally.

A well balanced life has three dimensions: length, breadth and depth. Time is an important factor in human achievement, but mere length of days means little. A rich, full life requires, in addition, breadth and depth. A life that is too broad may be shallow. The great object is to live long, to have broad and interesting contacts, rich and deep experiences and to achieve splendidly.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths.
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the best."

In order to do this, one must husband with care all of his health endowments. And health has come to have a much broader meaning than mere disease dodging—it means, really, "that condition which enables one to live most and serve best;" consequently, it is a subject that concerns you more vitally and more directly than any other subject in the world, for when your health is gone you are a burden to yourself and to those about you.

Isn't it a curious thing that in the face of constant peril of disease and with all the scientific knowledge available for prolonging life, the vast majority of us will not give any serious consideration to the preserving of our health until we begin to feel we are breaking?

Do you know that at this moment there are in the United States more than three million people ill; nearly one-half of them un-

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necessarily so? During this current year more than five hundred thousand people will die from preventable and postponable diseases. Now that sounds pessimistic—but nevertheless this is a statement of facts, living facts.

These interesting statistics have been compiled by insurance actuaries with reference to the prospects of a hundred average young men twenty-five years of age starting out in business. The results are decidedly disconcerting. Forty years afterward, when these young men are sixty-five years old, they will, on the average, have fallen into the following classes: thirty-six dead, fifty-four financially dependent on family or charity, five barely able to make their own living, four well-to-do, one rich.

It is a grim question to ask you young men which one of the four classes you are going to be in when you are sixty-five. Will you be among the dead ones, the dependent ones, those just barely able to make a living, or among the well-to-do or rich? I do not hesitate to say that the greatest single factor in deciding this vital question is the care of your health.

"Ten years may be added to the average span of human life if one begins young enough," declared Dr. Charles H. Mayo of the Mayo Clinic. He says, "Man's age lengthened an average of twenty years from the sixteenth century until 1850, when the average age was forty. It had advanced five years more, to forty-five, by 1875. The average age has now advanced to fifty-eight."

Dr. Franklin H. Martin of Chicago, Director-General of the American College of Surgeons, said that one in eight persons die of heart disease, one in seven of cancer, and one in six of apoplexy. Every one of these, he declared, is a preventable and curable disease if reached early enough. If people had an annual examination, fifty per cent of these diseases would be caught in their incipient stages.

"The care and culture of man is the greatest political economy." Race-building is the supreme task of all ages and success in this great work is based upon accepted fundamentals. It is an impossibility to build up a conquering race without establishing them upon a sound physical basis. It would be as impossible to build up a great people upon a race of dyspeptics as it would be to erect an enduring edifice upon a foundation of sand—it cannot be done. No race or nation has thus far been able to stand continual prosperity. Physical decline has followed ease and luxury, which in turn has resulted in racial exhaustion.

The historian, Freeman, declared that the Greek boys were the most attractive that the world had ever seen. This was due to the fact that the Greek system of education laid great stress upon the proper care and development of the body. They systematically sought to make it the robust instrument of a trained and cultured mind. "A sound mind requires a sound body" is an educational axiom. The Greeks held that if physical perfection were cultivated, mental and

moral excellence would follow; and that without this, character and culture rested upon an insecure basis. And this system resulted in producing some of the greatest minds that ever adorned the world.

Herbert Spencer said, "The first requisite for success is to be a good animal, and to be a nation of good animals is the first condition of national prosperity."

G. Stanley Hall says, "In our day, there are many reasons to believe that the best nations of the future will be those which give the most intelligent care to the body."

A sound body and vigorous health is not the end, but it is a fundamental without which all the finer qualities of the mind and heart are greatly impaired. The realization of one's aims and ambitions in life will depend largely upon his health. Your success in life will be measured by the amount and kind of work which you do. Sound health is a great moral factor, without which one can never build for himself the noble character he might otherwise build. "There are conditions for each individual under which he can do the most and best work and it is his duty to ascertain these conditions and live by them;" in other words, it is greatly to one's advantage to live up to the high-water mark of his efficiency. Full living, high-level living, righteous living, is the condition of joyous living and of splendid achievement.

"What are the sources of power and efficiency in strong men and women, and how should strength and power be promoted?" asks Dr. J. M. Tyler, who uses the following illustration to answer these questions:

"Look at the great ocean liner plowing through the water. You see the captain, the steersman, the officers and the flag. * * * Go down into the furnace room and you will find grimy, half-naked men shoveling coal into the furnaces. These men do not dine in the saloon nor strut the deck—they drive the ship. The power is the steam furnished by the combustion of the coal. Similarly, in our bodies the ultimate source of power is in the digestive system."

This illustration shows very clearly that the ocean liner would be of little service, as such, without a strong boiler and a good engine and fuel, but let us not fail to make this distinction clear and sharp: the engine is built for the liner, and not the liner for the engine. The ship needs a strong boiler and a good engine; but it needs much in addition. The greater its capacity, the more perfect its accommodation; the finer its construction and equipment, the more valuable the vessel. Whether a man belongs to the class of tug boats or ocean liners, depends largely upon what he has aboard besides a boiler and an engine. A man with a strong head and weak stomach is greatly handicapped; but one with a weak head and a strong stomach is likewise handicapped. The man to be envied is the one who has a strong head and the proof of good digestion upon his cheek.

May we submit some suggestions on how to prolong life and in-

crease one's efficiency? Two of the commonest things among good men that contribute most to inefficiency and to ultimate failure are:

First. Worry—One philosopher said, "Worry is interest paid on trouble before it comes due." It is nothing but a diluted, dribbling fear, long drawn out. You can worry more and harder on the fourth day than you can on the first. It grows by what it feeds on. Every normal activity is strangled by it. Any person can systematically worry to the point where he is either sick or unbalanced.

Second. Fatigue—Over-fatigue is fatigue that does not disappear before the next exertion. To allow fatigue to pile up is to invite the day of wrath. One can become so fatigued that he can not see straight, think straight or act straight. Over-fatigue operates much the same as a poison. When one goes to work with a tired feeling he may know that the storm is gathering.

Some Definite Things to Do:

1. Look upon the bright side. It is a well known fact that the number of deaths in a retreating army are much greater than in an army marching to victory. The mental attitude of defeat, of discouragement, lowers the resisting powers of the body.

2. Cultivate the play spirit; encourage the joy element in your life through relaxation and proper recreation. Play irons out the wrinkles and tunes up the nerve batteries so that this magnificent machine of yours, your body, will run without knocking and make the hills of life without breaking. The man who persistently plays well is doing something that is really worth while. He is taking the most sensible and practical method of increasing his efficiency. Every man can stand up straight, breathe deeply and look the world squarely in the face. He can make up his mind to tell a funny story at every meal if it kills him, and it won't.

Now I have come to the kernel of my discourse. Every man who expects to succeed, must stand on his feet and play the game. No matter how hard or furiously the storm breaks in his face, he must move forward. To do this he must keep his health—there is no substitute for it. You cannot buy it; you cannot borrow it. You may get a few extra parts but they often rattle.

There is only one way of keeping this marvelous machine going and that is through exercise and proper living. No automobile, no matter how superbly built, can make all of the hills and the rough places unless it is hitting on every cylinder; neither can you, or any one else, make all of the grades unless you keep fit—and to do this you must consider your health and take a little time off to tune up your nerve batteries and to keep this machine of yours in proper condition.

You young men who belong to the Church should find great pride and inspiration in the program which it provides for building up a race of men with superior physical power and with greater capacity for achievement.

We do not hesitate to say that a conscientious and intelligent observance of the Word of Wisdom for a few generations would make this, or any similar people, distinguished in the world and place them among the leaders of mankind in thought and action.

To live long, to live with inspiration and power, to carry the spirit of youth right up to the border-land of eternity, is a supreme achievement. To do this requires intelligent conservation of all our health endowments and the maintenance of a proper balance in work, rest and recreation.

The road to health stretches before each of us; it does not always lead through shady paths and over smooth roads, but through the sunshine and storm and over rough places—and the goal is life itself.

The Glacier

I climbed a long trail where the mountain tops hail
 All the serrated heights of the world;
 Where the long line of peaks an adventurer seeks,
 Pierces through where the clouds are unfurled.
 Over hummocks and jags, over chasms and crags,
 Over snow-fields spread out far around,
 From the earliest dawn the long trail led me on
 Till the sun-lighted glacier I found.
 In the solitude there was a new world most fair,
 Unknown in the country below,
 Like a dreamland device were its castle's of ice
 And its ornate embankments of snow.
 There were scintillate gleams in the sun's brilliant beams
 Of the wonderful grottos and towers,
 And the great hollow halls, with their glistening walls,
 Hung with frost-ferns and frost-spangled flowers.
 And far down a crevasse, that was mirrored like glass,
 The sunbeams glanced into the shade,
 While a pinnacle near in its glow flashed the clear,
 Golden light where the shadows were laid.
 There the sunlight beamed through the ethereal blue,
 A glory in streamers of gold,
 And displayed in its sheen the most soul-lifting scene
 That mortal can ever behold.

Here my heart found delight, all my toil to requite,
 As my eyes o'er the glacier could trace,
 In each view that I saw, the transcendence of awe,
 In the grandeur of silence and space.
 And my eyes oft explored what my being adored
 In the realm of magnificent scenes,
 And my soul felt the dower of invisible power
 That in the high places convenes;
 The invisible power of eternity's hour,
 The faith that through grandeur is shown,
 Where the soul may aspire, in its greatest desire,
 To know even as it is known,
 And closely attune all its powers to commune
 With God, that all thought must enthrone!

Maywood, California

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND

CHIVALRY*

BY ELDER JOHN F. BOWMAN, MEMBER OF THE GENERAL BOARD
Y. M. M. I. A.

We are told by a great many that there is a movement in the world today known as "the youth movement." It is rather evident on every hand; that is, there are evidences indicating that there is a tendency on the part of our modern youth to disregard, to some extent, our traditions, our customs, and our practices, to withdraw further from parental control and from the leadership of the older people. There is a greater spirit of independence, a greater spirit of experimenting, a greater desire for thrills and adventures, probably, than we have had at any time previous to this.

I hope and trust that this "youth movement," if we have such a movement, is not making and will not make inroads upon many of the old virtues: politeness, courtesy, our respect for and attitude toward women. In the search for thrills, I hope our youth of this generation will not go beyond the bounds of propriety. There is a tendency along that line. I hope that their conscience will keep quickened to that point that it will warn them, and they will be prepared to stop before they proceed beyond the bounds of propriety.

The love of women and the attitude of men toward women, and the respect of men for women have resulted in some of the greatest of our literature, music, art, culture. Some of the greatest things in the world have resulted just through these things. The great *Divine Comedy* of Dante grew directly out of his respect and his boyish love of Beatrice, which carried on through his life. We find the same thing in all of the arts. And today we find the influence of the love of man for woman and his attitude toward women the moving power propelling our men on to great achievements and accomplishments.

So we should respect our women. Our minds should be high, our attitude should be clean, our thoughts clean. Especially should we impress upon our young people the importance of keeping their attitude right toward their girl companions. I remember reading, a short time ago—and such things as these are common in the papers now—of a young lady, a Springville girl, who jumped from an automobile and fractured her skull, and she is probably in a hospital today as a result of that jump. And now what was the thing back of that? Think of it for a minute! We have had it happen time and again within the last year or two. Many young people—I hope not many of them of our Church young people—are in the courts today because of the thing which caused that young lady to jump from that automobile in self-protection—because of the presence of an unclean man

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with unclean motives, who made unclean and improper proposals to that young lady on that occasion.

I was talking to a young lady a short time ago—a girl in one of our high schools—seventeen years of age. She had been invited to go out with a young man, one of the boys of the school, to a dance or some other function, and another young man said to her, "I would not go out with that boy; we know things about boys sometimes that you girls do not know. I think you ought not to go out with him." The boys had discovered, probably, a moral leper in their community, and this young fellow, with the spirit of a real knight of old, made it his business to be a protector of this girl by this kindly warning—not a warning of jealousy, but a warning which came from the manhood of that boy's soul, his desire to protect his friends.

That is the attitude that our M Men, our young men in this Church, ought to take toward their girl companions. They ought to remember the love of their mother, the respect they have for their mother, the ends to which they would go in the protection of a sister. They ought to realize that these other girl companions are sisters, perhaps, of dear friends. It is their business, it is their duty as men of God in this Church to be protectors, defenders of the rights and the virtues of their girl companions and associates. That should be the business of every young man in this Church. If there is a moral leper and they know of it, it is their business, as it was the business and duty of this young man to whom I have referred, to protect them against that type.

Have you people ever thought of the scarlet woman and the dope fiend? In prosecuting here in this county, a number of years ago, my duties brought me in contact with that type many times. I have seen them in the opium joints here in this city. They are not as common here today. And I have seen some of our girls, brethren, lying in those opium dens in some of the alleys, under the influence of opium. And I have seen the scarlet women. I had something to do with the closing of the old stockade here, the segregated district! I understand something about those people. The thought I want to impress upon you is this—what was the cause of the downfall of those women? Was it a man? In most cases, it *was* a man who brought those women down to that situation of degradation.

We are told that the worth of souls is great, that if one labors all his life and saves but one soul, his reward will be very great. That soul will go on and on and on, and will draw many after it. In the Celestial Kingdom of God, eventually, that soul may reach the stage of godship itself and likewise those it draws after it. What joy to the one who has been in any degree responsible for so glorious an accomplishment! Then again, what is the result to one in any degree responsible for a soul cast down to hell? Keep in mind, too, that just as the soul that proceeds on to the heights of glory draws many

after it, so does the one that proceeds along the downward course drag many along with it; it never 'walks alone, or falls alone. Do you think one could sit smugly in his exaltation, in a state of glory and happiness, with one of these latter to his credit? Of course you don't.

So, it is our business, my brethren, to be protectors, just as were the knights of old—protectors of the virtue of women. The order of knighthood was organized with that as one of its chief objectives; one of the chief purposes of knighthood in mediaeval times, between the ninth and twelfth centuries, was the protection of the virtue of women and exemplars of virtue themselves. You remember the beautiful saying of Tennyson's *Sir Gallahad*,

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

That was the spirit of the ancient knight. Let that be the spirit of our modern knight, our youth, to make it his business to be a protector of the virtue, all the virtues, of our girls and women.

Would any of our boys offer a cigarette, or a drink of liquor to a girl companion for whose protection he should feel charged with responsibility? Would he embrace her in the dance with any unholy or unclean thought? Would he stand in the presence of others, unheard, where such a thing was done, or would he arise in the dignity of his young manhood, mindful of the holy priesthood which he bears and its responsibility, and challenge the proposal of the unthoughtful one? Shame on the fellow who stands idly by when his girl companion is placed in even the slightest danger by the unclean or unthoughtful fellow, when his blood, when his priesthood, when his heart of hearts should fairly shout within him to speak in protection of his friend!

May the Lord help us to impress upon our M Men, and other young men in the Church, the importance of their responsibility of being protectors of our girls, of being challengers to all who challenge the virtue, the integrity, the purity of our young women. May the Lord help us to impress upon them the importance of this mission of manhood and of membership in the Church, I pray, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.



A MAN AMONG MEN*

BY RICHARD R. LYMAN, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE, AND
ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT Y. M. M. I. A.

The aim of the Church is to train a generation of young men and women and bring them up as they ought to be brought up, to make them perfect, as nearly as possible, even as our heavenly Father is perfect.

While we appreciate the value of the softer, the milder and the gentler virtues, we realize that if we are to have a strong generation of young men and women, they must have those stern and hardy qualities which are essential to men among men. This American, Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, in whose honor the world celebrates today, has these sterling qualities. His time has been devoted to things worth while. He has lived strictly in accordance with the ideals of our own Church, the ideals of all churches, the ideals of all philosophers. He began his tour without liquor, without tobacco, without tea, without coffee. His life has been such that he has made of himself a man thoroughly efficient, seemingly, in all respects.

The struggle in the Church is to bring up a generation of people who will have the power to resist evil, who in these modern days of swift living will be able, when temptation appears, to say, No, and to say that word effectively; to have the ability to say: "Temptation, step aside; Satan, get thee behind me!" We realize that the idea of bringing up a generation of people in idleness is a mistaken one. We are struggling to teach our people the dignity of true labor, the dignity of work, the value of effort. We are struggling, not to avoid, but to overcome difficulties. We are teaching our young folks to expect to meet difficulties and to have the power to force their way through or to overcome these difficulties. We are teaching our young people to understand that work is a blessing and not a misfortune. We are aiming to teach our young folks not to look forward or struggle to secure easier lives, but our effort is to procure stronger men. We are not bringing up a generation that will seek for easy tasks, or for tasks that are equal to the powers that we possess, but we are struggling to bring up a generation of people with powers equal to whatever task comes. We are teaching these young folks to remember that into the conqueror comes the strength of the conquered. It makes no difference what the struggle is that is put forth, whether we are struggling with a mathematical problem, with a problem in history, or a problem on the farm—whatever difficulty we encounter—the overcoming of the difficulty is the thing that brings strength.

*Address delivered in the Tabernacle at the Y. M. M. I. A. conference, Salt Lake City, Saturday, June 11, 1927.

The strength of the thing conquered goes into him who does the conquering.

We are aiming to teach our young folks to turn their hard experiences into capital that may be used for future struggles. We are trying to bring up a generation of young folks filled with ambition, who will be actually looking for an opportunity to assume responsibility and be able to bear off that responsibility nobly and manfully. We are aiming to bring up a generation of young folks who will be filled with that particular quality which the world is struggling to find, and for which the world is willing to pay. We call it *dependability*. I am going to name five fundamentals that must come into the makeup of anyone who expects to be truly a man of power among the men of the world.

First, *health*. President Bryant S. Hinckley has already, in this meeting, told us so much upon that subject that I will but mention it. The young man of today, the modern youth, is likely to feel that, having been born into a new and different world, having been brought up in the days of the automobile, the flying machine, and the radio, he must live faster, proceed more swiftly than those who came into the world and lived in the world during the days of the ox-team and ox-team methods.

I read recently an article by Henry Van Dyke. He told of a young man, one of these modern fellows, who had been left a small fortune, at the time of the death of his father and mother. He had spent a large portion of this money going to a well-known law school, and he came out of that law school a modern young man, with two outstanding qualifications. One of these was high honors, and the other, expensive habits. Friends of his father invited him to join an old law firm. These men with experience and men with gray hair gave the boy a place.

"Ah," he said, "I am modern, I have been graduated from this law school with honors; I cannot stand around and proceed by this ox-team method. I am of the modern generation; mine is the automobile, mine is the flying machine, mine is the radio method." So he left the old firm and started in business for himself. In the course of a little time, he found himself in bad company. He found himself doing things that were not proper. He would roll over in the morning, rub his eyes, and begin to come to consciousness, and he would say, "I'll cut it out; I'll cut it out!" But, Henry Van Dyke says, "Modern youth, ordinarily hasn't the ability to resist the sharpness of the knife, when it comes to cutting out bad habits." The young man said, "I'll cut it out; for me there shall be no more drunkenness, no more immorality, no more gambling, no more crookedness." Any one of these will wreck an individual, and any one of these, if carried to extremes, will wreck any nation or any people—drunkenness, immorality, gambling, crookedness.

We have in the Church the Word of Wisdom. "Oh," some

people say, "what harm comes from a cup of tea? What harm comes from a cup of coffee? What harm comes from one glass of beer or one cigarette?" In the language of David Starr Jordan, "All this means is a little pinch of sand put in the grease." We believe that these little differences in these modern times, days of swift travel, may mark the difference between success and failure.

The importance of an annual physical examination, as President Hinckley said this morning, is that we must first be strong physically, if we are to be men among men. The first and most important thing, health, means that we are first good animals, with good stomachs, good appetites, good, clean and healthy bodies.

The second fundamental, if, in our organizations, we are to make men who will be men among men, is *education*. I am not referring necessarily to the training we get in the school room, but to the study that makes people know things. How much better to have the reading habit, and the ability to remember, than to have a college education without that habit. There are those who are great readers and who seem to know everything about everything. It was said of one man in this city, a great scholar and a great philosopher, that in the days of his boyhood he read every book in the county where he was born. If we are to be men among men, we must be more or less familiar with the world. I wish I had the language of President Ivins, and I wish I could say what I have heard him say. Why, he says, "I do not need to go away from home; I have walked along this river, I have sat by the side of this philosopher, I am familiar with what is going on in this city, and what is going on at the top of this mountain." All these things come to the man who is a reader, to the man who is a student, to the man who reads and remembers.

We talk, these days, much about salesmanship. There are no other people in the world who need salesmanship as we need salesmanship. No other people have so valuable wares to dispose of. We Latter-day Saints are called upon to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ to all people in all the world—not to the poor alone, but to the rich also; not to the ignorant alone, but to the intellectual. If we are to do this successfully, we must have salesmen of the highest order. I studied salesmanship once, and, in the book of instructions, I read in one place—and I say this to all of you, especially to those who go abroad to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ—"Remember, every man is approachable along some line. If you will find it and follow it up, you will succeed."

Long years ago, a little salesman of the name of Paul, squint-eyed, it is said in the description I have read, covered with dust, but a man among men, walked into the city of Athens. He was handicapped, as I say, by his size, handicapped by his clothing, covered with grime and dust and dirt. However, he walked right into the center of the city. But, a man among men, he knew the method of approach, he was the master of the situation. He had this thing I am talking about, that we

call education. He knew and he understood. Hear the wisdom when he said, in substance, "Men of Athens, I want to congratulate you on having so wonderful a line of religions. [Why, anybody would listen to that.] For as I passed through your city I perceived that you not only had altars erected to all the known gods, but that you had even erected one inscribed 'To The Unknown God.' Now, it is a curious coincidence that the very God whom you have been worshipping without knowing him, is the God I represent."* A man among men, who knew the situation! How important for the man who goes into the mission field to know something of the people, to know something of their language! If he is in a community of farmers, he ought to know something about farming, or if he is in a community of manufacturers, he ought to know something about manufacturing. He ought to be familiar with the method of approach. He has need of this great, broad education of which I speak.

Long years ago, the scribes and pharisees presented a woman who had been guilty of serious wrong-doing to the Master among men, aye, to the King of kings, who understood, who was master of the situation. And they said, "Master, ought she not for this offense to be stoned?" The Man, who was a man among men, knowing the situation, said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." The aim of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in training young men, in this great organization, is to make of these young men, men among men, masters of the situation.

If we are to act as salesmen in an efficient way, there are three things we will have to do; first, make friends—and let me say to you that in your own private business, in your own calling through life, as well as in the preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ, whenever you make an enemy, unless there is a tremendous principle at stake, you make a mistake. Make, first, friends; next, investigators, and third, converts.

On this matter of education, let me say, the whole world gets out of the way for the man who seems to know, for the man who seems to speak with authority, for the man who appears to know where he is going. In these days—and I know it is true in our own state—a high school education is within the reach of practically every boy and every girl. In other words, we are giving to the young people in the state, in the Church, what Garfield said is the birthright of every American citizen. To lead and teach effectively, a trained and educated generation, we must know, we must have the experience, we must be able to speak as one having authority.

Third, *economic independence*. If we are to be men among men, we must not be in dire poverty. He who is hungry, ragged, in debt, cannot hold up his head, cannot be a power in the world, cannot wield influence. If he is to have influence, if he is to be

*Quotation from *The Book That Has Helped Most In Business*.

a man among men, he must have some financial strength. There are two periods in life that ought to be free from the necessity of earning a living. One of these is childhood. No child ought to be compelled to work to get its daily bread. The other period is old age. Those who are aged ought not to be required to toil for their daily bread. Now, if the aged and children are not required thus to toil, then during the earning period of life, everybody ought to save something. No man, during the earning period of his life, has the right, in my opinion, to spend all that he makes. He must lay by something for a rainy day. "Oh, but we do not make enough." He who puts off saving until earnings are large, and saving easy, will never save anything.

The fourth fundamental that must be in the makeup of the man who is a man among men is *recreation*. The importance of recreation has already been emphasized, more or less, by President Hinckley; and, in a way, it is the theme of our whole conference. Men are to be judged largely by what they think, and what they feel, during their leisure moments. No man is a great mathematician unless he has formed a habit of thinking upon things mathematical. No man is a great historian unless, in his leisure moments, he is thinking of history. A man like Orson F. Whitney, as he walks the street, goes out on the hill tops, thinks of poetry, philosophy, religion. That is why he is remarkable along those lines. In the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and in these Mutual Improvement organizations, we are struggling to teach these young folks to be busy every moment. We are teaching them to have time to do everything worth while by not letting time find them doing nothing. And so I say to all of you, if in any moment of your lives, you find yourselves doing nothing, remember this occasion, and that we ought to get out of every hour, dividends along one of two lines, either in increased knowledge or in healthful recreation, and these ought to be coming by the modern, swift, quick, and vigorous method.

Fifth, *religion*. Religion must sparkle in the soul of every man if he is to be a man among men. There must shine in him that influence, that light from heaven which shone into the life of Saul of Tarsus. It changed him from a man of hate to a man of love. He was transformed, by that light which shone from heaven, from Saul of Tarsus to Paul the apostle. If our lives are to be successful, if individually we are to be men among men, this element, religion, must come into us. Religion brings, honor, character, power. King Albert of Belgium was asked to permit the German army to cross his borders, and he answered, "I cannot do so in honor." Those words will be remembered forever, "I cannot do so in honor." "Ah, but what is a treaty? Nothing but a scrap of paper," said the Kaiser, "Nothing but a scrap of paper." Well, one writer says another message was sent to Albert—I do not know whether he received it or not, but we do know, and the world knows, that little Belgium

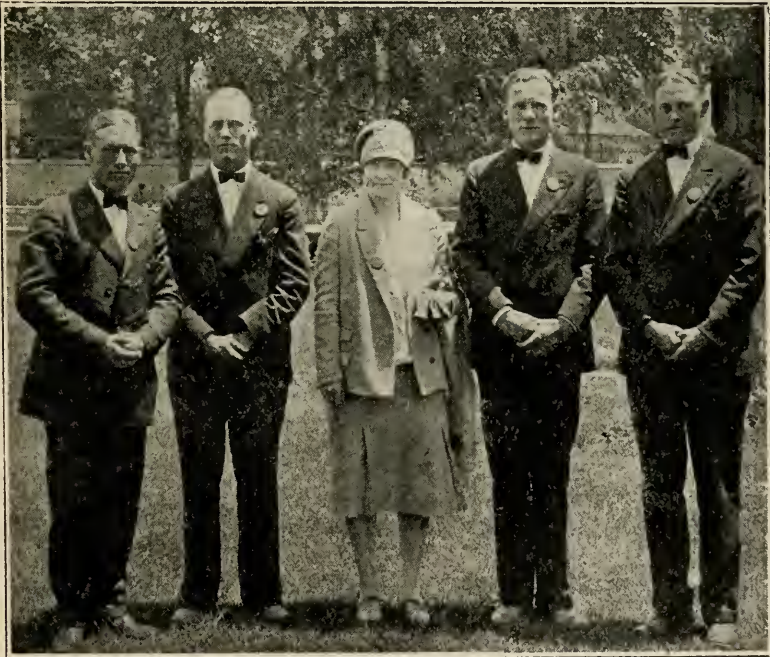
stood to her guns, and maintained her honor; yes, she maintained her honor intact and immortally.

So these five qualities must come into the lives of the members of our Mutual Improvement Associations if they are to be powerful, strong, if their members are to be men among men; first, *health*; next, *education*; third, *economic independence*; fourth, *recreation*; fifth—last and most important of all—*religion*.

May we, I humbly pray, in our struggles, be courteous to our fellow-men in all the world. May we today, tomorrow, and forever be faithful to our friends, and may we be true to the teachings, to the example, and to the gospel of the Master.

Winners in the M. I. A. Final Contests

In the June conference, 1927, the following groups received first place in the grand finals. Pictures of only those winning first place are given here. (For a list of first and second-place winners see *July Era*, pp. 838-839.)



M MEN QUARTETTE, SOUTH SANPETE STAKE

Mrs. George Beal, director; prize, gold medals. Members: LaVar Isaacson, Evan Christensen, Maurice Nielsen, George Jackson.



Y. M. M. I. A. MALE CHORUS. ST. GEORGE STAKE

Jos. W. McAllister, director; prize, \$50. Members: Alfred Morris, Will Lund, Fred Reber, E. J. Bleak, Wendell Robinson, D. M. Snow, Elvis B. Terry, Clark Huggins, F. B. Nelson, Nathaniel Ashby, Glen Crosby, Ray Whipple.



M. I. A. ORCHESTRA, ST. GEORGE STAKE

Earl J. Bleak, director; prize \$50.



M. I. A. BAND, WASATCH STAKE
Delmar Dixon, director; prize \$50.



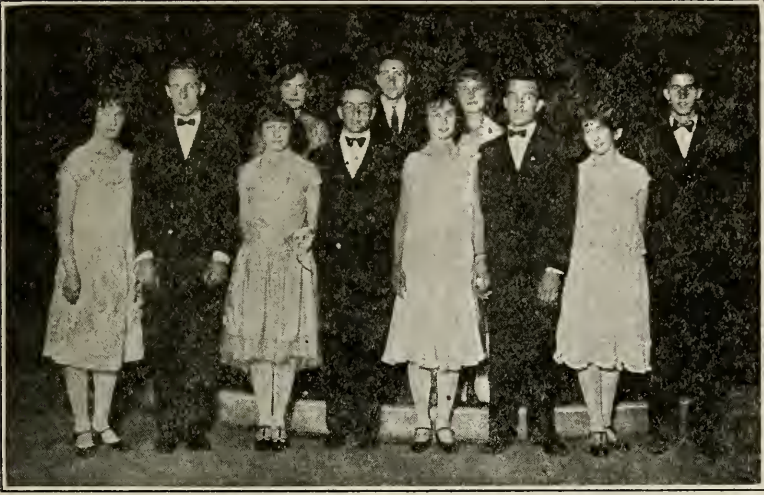
LADIES' CHORUS, TWELFTH WARD, MOUNT OGDEN STAKE

Top row, left to right: Mary Savage, Ina M. Wenson, Esther H. Porter, Jane Pettersson, Tessie Sessions, Mary J. Wilson. Middle row: Verla Blackburn, Eldora Elkins. (Wade M. Stephens, accom panist), Maggie Gammell, director, Frances Purrington, Ciella Decker. Bottom row: Maren Stephens, Elsie Wheelwright, Nelda Sessions. Prize, \$50.



M. I. A. DRAMA, GRANITE STAKE

Miss Afton Love, director; prize, gold medals. Caste: Inez Whitbeck, Steve L. Love, Josephine Fisher, Geo. Q. Spencer.



M. I. A. DANCING, UTAH STAKE

Anna E. Decker and Thelma Dastrup, directors; prize \$25. Dancers: Orpha Nelson, Afton Payne, Wendell Taylor, Margaret Johnson, Dorothy Decker, Joe Bentley, Francis Swan, Paul Warnick.

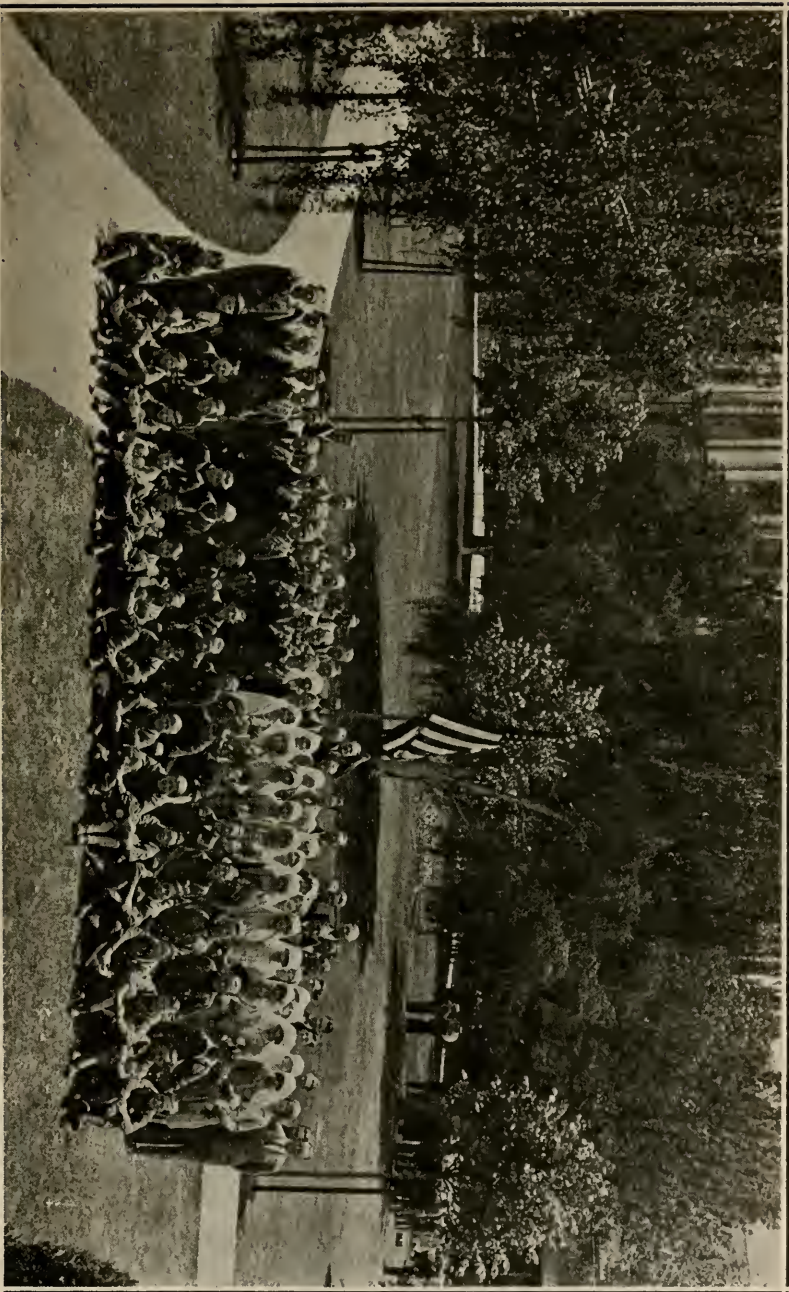
Miscellaneous Groups



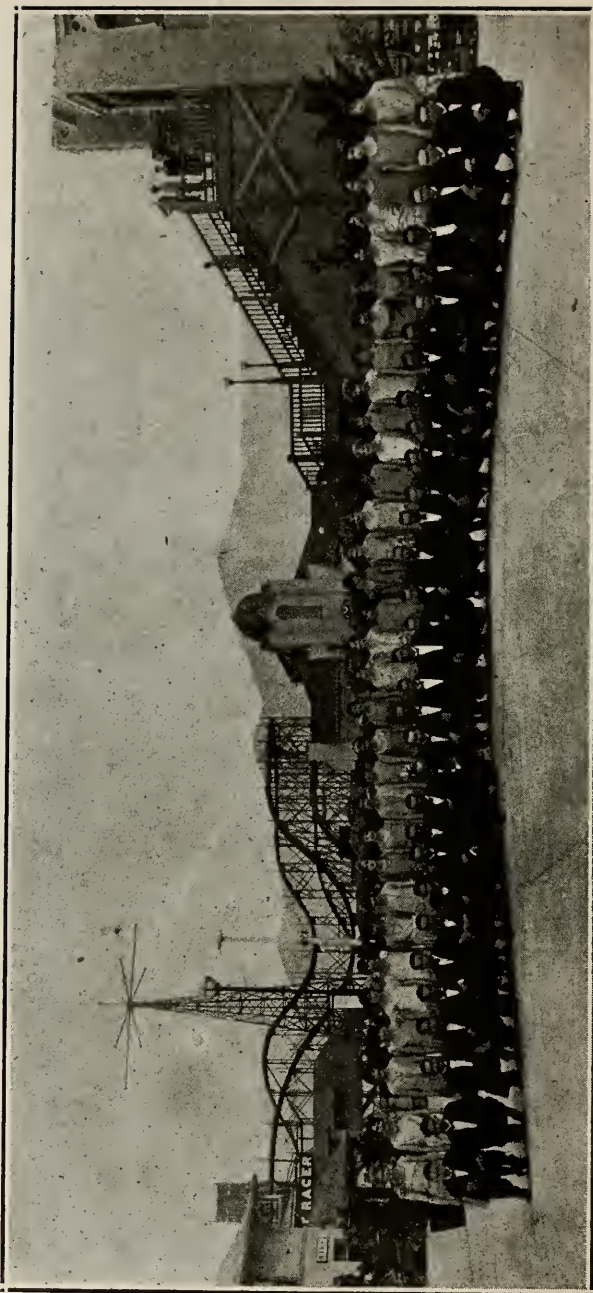
Group of M. I. A. workers, Salt Lake stake, who provided a special entertainment feature at the M. I. A. Social at Saltair, June 10.



Advanced Senior group who participated in the Sunday morning conference exercises, June 12, the general theme being, "Building Latter-day Saints."



Boy Scouts, Advanced Juniors, M Men, Gleaner Girls, who participated in the Sunday morning program in the Tabernacle, June 12, the general theme being, "Building Latter-day Saints."



Thirty-two young ladies and thirty-two young men—eight groups of eight each from the eight contest divisions in the Church—who participated in dancing the "Lancers," in the grand final contest at Saltair, Friday, June 10, in which Utah stake won first place and Fremont stake second place.

GOD THE ARTIST*

BY RAYMOND F. PETERSON

In the dim, dead days gone by, God created this world by some slow, laborious process. As he thought of the plan of free agency that he had devised, he thought that he must create a world that would inspire those men, those super-creations, who were to come here to dwell, that they would exemplify him in their deeds and actions. He created these humans with a conscience, a spirit, or whatever it is your pleasure to call it, that they might receive inspiration and be guided aright. Some of his children he created with certain gifts that they might inspire their fellows. To some he gave the art of painting, to some the gift of music, and some were given gifts of modeling and sculpturing. Others were given other gifts and arts. These artists are, in a true sense, men of God.

Who ever gazed on the works of Raphael, of Michael Angelo, or of any of the great painters and received no inspiration? Who ever heard the "Minuet in G," "The Spring Song," "The Soldiers Chorus," any of the masterpieces of music and received in his heart no desire to do better in the future? Who has ever gazed on the works of the world's master sculptors and felt unchanged? Who has ever witnessed the works of any of the world's greatest artists and came no nearer to God?

The beauty of it is, that not only these great artists, but many of lesser fame, have these same powers to bestow inspiration. I remember one painting of our great, glorious, white Timpanogos. In it is some of the inspiration of greatness, of self-sacrifice, of the greatness of this creation. In it is the beauty of minute details. The changing light brings changing effects, so that no matter what my mood, no matter what my need, this picture serves to inspire me to bigger and better things.

I stood gazing at the picture in rapture. It was the truest and most beautiful picture that I have ever seen. But as I walked outside and saw the clouds rolling, rolling off that great, white mountain, and saw the sun burst forth in a silver spray of sunshine, completely covering that vast expanse of pure, white snow, my eyes dimmed and my throat caught, as I thought of our weakness, our lack of power, our utter inability to imitate the works of God. In my mind I compared the painting with the original. What do we know of art? Timpanogos is his painting. We can't even copy it. We make our outlines on canvas. He blends his colors on the horizon.

What are the masterpieces of the art of painting? The Madonna of Raphael? Mona Liza? Perhaps these. It makes no difference.

*The prize-winning speech in the Y. M. M. I. A. public speaking contest, June conference, 1927.

What artist ever put into his painting the beauty of the model from which it was taken? How can the painting compare with the true beauty of the real Madonna and Child, the mother and babe? The most beautiful pictures ever struck off the brush of man have been of women. But what artist could put into his copy the true bloom of beauty of the original form which he paints? What artist ever



RAYMOND F. PETERSON, ALPINE STAKE; WINNER IN Y. M. M. I. A. PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST; PRIZE, GOLD MEDAL

put the blush of love and life into his painting? Our God alone.

Music is said to be the greatest, that is the most universal, of the arts. It has its changing moods. It is the art for every circumstance. It is the art of sound, pleasant sound. It is the very essence of harmony. Musical instruments have been designed to play every kind of music, for every occasion. What the masters of this art

cannot do can only be done by that same great Divine Artist. For who ever made for us a musical instrument with such quality and beauty of tone as the human voice that God gave us? What musical instruments harmonize as do human voices? Oh, the Great Master shows the way! Has Beethoven, Mozart, Wagner, any of the masters of music, ever written a melody as sublime as the music, the song, of the human heart? What musician, with his staffs, his bars, his sharps and flats, his notes, his rests, what musician has ever put upon paper harmony as soothing, as wonderful as that harmony of happy, human hearts in tune? The most divine strains ever heard are the strains of pure, innocent laughter of childhood. Our God is our great musician.

The sculptor has been said to have the rarest and the most difficult of arts, the art of molding and chiseling from clay and stone. It is indeed a rare art, and it is rarely appreciated. I admire and try to appreciate the sculptor, but who ever modeled from clay a face with the character; the firmness, yet gentleness; the love of fellows and charity for enemies; the simplicity, yet beauty, found in the face of Abraham Lincoln,—man—creation of God?

Who ever carved from rock a scene as inspiring as the Grand Canyon of the Colorado? Who has made us realize our own insignificance and His greatness to such a degree? Who could, in similar fashion, make us realize our purpose in life? Who has ever chiseled so intricate shapes and shades as are found in Bryce Canyon? Who can produce such art? Our God models the beauty of his world to suit his best purposes.

We know a little of art. We are learning more. Someday I hope we may become nearly as perfect as He is, but until then we must study the models of beauty; of grandeur, yet simplicity; of ruggedness, yet fineness; of unparalleled beauty of those inspiring, over-powering works of God, the artist!

Immortality

Even in the form inanimate,
 We find assurance of a life to be;
 To eyes that death's cold hand has touched and sealed
 Whence came the force that gave them power to see?
 Are we yet doubters in captivity?

The lips that unresponsive are and chill,
 Once with blithe laughter rippled; aye, and true
 To the endearment of caressing words,
 Unto their own the hearts of others drew.
 And, what of mind as day by day it grew?

This is not clay mechanically contrived,
 A puppet toy; 'tis immortality.
 Who can look on the form inanimate
 And say, This is the end of you and me?
 The lifeless form portends a life to be.

Provo, Utah

GRACE INGLES FROST

TED'S RACE FOR LIFE

BY CARTER E. GRANT, JORDAN L. D. S. SEMINARY.

"Yet they heed
No word, and like a river in the Spring,
They flood the country, sweeping everything
Before them! 'Twas not many snows ago
They said that we might hunt our buffalo
In this, our land, forever. Now they come
To break that promise. Shall we cower,
dumb?
Or shall we say: 'First kill us—here we
stand'?"
"The councillors were heard no more that day;
And from the moony hill tops all night long,
The wolves gave answer to the battle-song."*

It was a time when, both north and south of Salt Lake City, the Indians were on the war-path. Many depredations were forced successfully against the smaller, outlying districts. Not uncommon was it for horses and cattle to be stolen; but when a herd-boy was kidnaped or killed, the whole village, with sympathetic assistance from larger centers, arose and generally the marauders paid dearly for their booty and cunningness. But on the occasion of Ted's capture and complete concealment, swift horsemen, anxious and threatening, were foiled and outwitted.

Ted Booth was twelve years old that very Spring—a herd-boy of the most trusted sort; bare-footed, generally without hat, with home-spun trousers and shirt; these, coupled with his faithful and ever-present dog, along with "Dandy," the sorrel pony, made up the outfit. Out of the crimson west each evening, this crew returned with its flock to the outskirts of the village of Brigham City.

The month of May had blustered in backward and cold; all the seasons happened in a week. The worth-while grass patches, far and few between, lay in the distant swales, off toward Bear River. Now, however, that the Bannocks and Utes had killed two farmers in Cache Valley, Ted was warned to herd as near the village as possible. Even this was not without its dangers.

It was Monday morning, and due to the fact that President Brigham Young and other authorities had been attending conference the day before, the herd on Sunday had been out but little. By sunrise, the animals, gaunt and restless, were at the bars bawling and "bellowing resolutely; but as one of Ted's rules was that he, himself, must open the gates, the animals must wait the regular time. This morning, however, just as he was leaving, he had been directed to the supply store for a sack of flour. As the store keeper was the bishop,

*The song of the Indian Wars, Neihardt, pp. 56- 57, 1925.

and was entertaining visitors at breakfast, there was nothing to do but wait; so wait he did.

Thinking the boy would return in a half hour at the most, the widowed mother dropped the bars and freed her own two restless heifers. Off they started, on a half trot, for the feed-grounds. Little did she realize that here was the beginning of months of prayers and tears. Not until the boy put in his appearance and called regarding the cows, did she think of her possible mistake.

"Which way did they go?" anxiously inquired Ted, as he turned his restless young eyes over the range to the north and west.

"Possibly they have stopped at one of the other gates," encouragingly suggested the mother.

As he mounted his horse, Ted made no answer, but the mother read a look in his eyes that made her know that the boy did not believe that hungry, thirsty cows had stopped anywhere to visit friends. Finally he exclaimed, "They seem to have put off toward the river. Send Harry around to get the herd out, and I'll ride across the country and head off the heifers and return in time to meet the bunch above the big draw in Billy's Meadow."

Ted took the lunch from his mother's outstretched hand, leaned down for his usual kiss—but this time he got a hug and two kisses—whistled for Fritz, his dog, slapped his pony and was off. The mother followed down to the clearing to scan the country for herself. A quarter of a mile westward, Ted picked up the tracks and galloped on hurriedly. Turning to look back, he saw his mother standing in the opening. Out came his red handkerchief, up went her apron; each felt satisfied.

The tracks plainly showed that the hungry, empty-uttered animals were off for the river. Mile after mile Ted urged his sweating horse. As he was hidden from the village, past bluffs and swales, he rather chilled as he thought of Indians. He hadn't thought so much of danger until now. At conference, only the day before, President Young had warned the settlers to be on their guard, to take no chances with the "Redman," at least until the present crisis was past. Fritz, with his head low and tongue well out, followed closely at the pony's heels. Into a long meadow draw he sped. More than a mile away he caught a glimpse of his cows as they were turning past the river bluffs toward the bottoms. Such riding soon brought him out on the river meadows, beyond the bluffs on either side. Up stream a little way, his animals were contentedly grazing. They had been there before, so had he. But now he seemed to feel out of place. As he started toward the heifers, his eyes swept up the river country. He was more than nervously startled when he saw a large lodge of several hundred Indians on the opposite bank of the river, not a quarter of a mile distant. They were hurriedly breaking camp and were moving westward. But that wasn't the cause of his hair standing. Two bucks, headed toward the cows,

were forcing their horses into the river, and, now that he had appeared, were hurrying forward. Here, indeed, was a perplexing situation. For just a moment he was distressed. "I'll save mother's cows," he exclaimed, as he dashed forward. A moment later the sweating pony, barking dog, and anxious youngster were racing up the ravine. Now that he had taken their prize with such speed, he thought possibly the Indians would not follow, especially as the river was high and their horses would be forced to swim. He knew not then how easily savages did such stunts.

The flock was just racing out of the draw, when suddenly they came to a dead halt. The Redskins galloped across the path. The dog's hair bristled as he gave a low, anxious whine, followed by several sharp barks. The two foes, not a hundred feet away, started toward the group. The pony pricked its ears. One chance was open. Almost spontaneously, Ted whirled Dandy straight southward and away they flew. "Go it, Dandy! Go it!" he urged his tired pony, which sensed danger and sped like the wind.

Leaning low, one of the half-naked fellows pursued, urging his horse to full speed and keeping well between the boy and the town. At the end of a quarter of a mile, they were coming closer together. "Oh, if my horse were just fresh!" Ted half sobbed, "I could beat him, I know." Immediately ahead, directly across their path and cut deep in the clay formation, was a hidden ravine, so perpendicular that to fall into it meant death for either rider. At its very edge, he tried to think, should he turn his horse off toward the river and farther from home and safety or whirl it quickly and attempt to run by his enemy, who now was not ten yards distant. He chose the latter, and as alert as a wild steer, his pony flew eastward at the very heels of the Indian horse. Yelling a halting signal, the enemy whirled his own pony. Ted had the lead and, for the first time, began stinging his horse's sides with the rawhide whip, while he scanned the country anxiously. Once his heart leaped, then he saw that what at first seemed to be horsemen were but low-lying bushes in the distance. Intensely angered by the tricky youngster, the Indian followed fast in death-like pursuit, yelling like a Comanche.

After a quarter of a mile of such racing, Dandy had done his level best. The puffing brute behind came closer and closer. His outstretched head and neck were at Ted's side. "Wh-ugh! Wh-ugh!" the big red devil demanded, as a moment later he closed in and grabbed the reins, bringing the chase by a few halting jumps to a stand-still.

Angered, yet with a feeling of triumph, the ugly fellow exultingly produced his tomahawk. Although his speech was broken, still his eyes talked all languages; and there was no mistaking their expression as he lifted high his shining war-hatchet. The boy was thus grimly introduced to what surely would happen should he show any further inclination for escape.

"Eu me boy! Eu me boy!" he exclaimed with grunted accent.

"Kum!" he demanded as he harshly jerked the reins from his captive's hands and began leading the reluctant and indisposed, panting horse and rider toward the rolling bluffs and long trails of the mountains westward. Although Ted was a prisoner, he had by no means surrendered. Again and again he set his eyes longingly on every distant object lying between him and the village.

The thought of his dog jumped into his muddled brain. "Fritz! Fritz!" He half spoke the words with a sob, as he scanned about, fully expecting to see his faithful friend. The Indian immediately caught the meaning of Ted's uneasiness, and turning abruptly, with anger and misgivings, demanded, "Wh'r dog? Wh'r dog?" Then with hand lifted for a shade, the eagle-like eyes of the Indian pierced the country on every side, and especially that toward the village. His whole body spoke curses. When they traveled again, it was faster. The river was forded carefully but quickly. On the opposite bank, the reins were thrown to the boy, and he was commanded, "Gw-on." The Indian pointed to the trail and slashed Dandy with his rawhide. On, on, mile after mile they galloped.

Ted hoped, then prayed his boyish prayers in silence—prayed that mother would interpret quickly the dog's early arrival, prayed that all the men of the village would mount and pursue rapidly. "Surely," he confidently exclaimed to his inmost soul, "surely, by night or early tomorrow, they will overtake this large crowd." He was glad there were so many. In the distance he could see the camp. As the two rode up, Ted caught enough of the conversation to know the cows had not yet arrived, and from the gestures, he was sure they were coming across the country by another route. All the young fellows in camp pleasingly eyed Dandy many times. Several got upon his back, only to be roughly dismounted by their elders. Dinner, at the various groups, was now ready. Ted brought out his own, mashed lunch, which he was allowed to eat. When the start was made again, the boy was transferred to a pack-horse and was tied securely. Then his captor rode up quickly with a strip of shawl in his hand, and before Ted really knew what it was all about, he was roughly and completely blindfolded. To submit in silence was part of the prisoner's privilege—there was nothing else to do. When they started again, Ted soon found that he and the cows and a few men were leaving over a secret trail for the Snake River country. "The rescue party—how will they find our tracks?" he sobbed. Not until far into the night, did they stop, and by day-break they were moving again. The boy was not tied this time, but was again blindfolded. Hour after hour of forced darkness made him sea-sick. Several times during the day, he wept bitterly. Once, becoming so desperate with hopeless despondency, he rashly tore off the bandage, only to have it roughly replaced, amid unmistakable warnings from all present. Time wore on. Slow hours of darkness over difficult trails, coupled with no assurance whatever for the future, bred confused

and shadowy forebodings—blacker than death itself. A panorama, disgusting, hideous and shocking, mocked him. Should he be severed from this life with but one stroke of a dashing tomahawk? He felt such would be a welcome end, for then he would go immediately to join his father, who had been dead these three years. Then, as he cast his mind upon his mother, apron in hand, and felt again the love and confidence of that last farewell, pluck and courage filled his soul, and forth in silence he rode, fighting despondency. Pray he must—pray he did and felt better.

At last the long journey was at an end, and a new life began. Evidently the Indians had traded off his pony, for he never saw it again. Days lengthened into weeks and weeks into months. Which way or how the many formidable mountain ranges were lying, between him and home, Ted could not possibly guess with any degree of dependable accuracy. But worse than all phases of Indian life, was the dirty, half-cooked, messed-up servings of food, to which all helped themselves. He learned that the name of his captor was Deer Foot, while the Indian who got the cows was ever spoken of as Wolf Head.

The long, drowsy, dull days of a dead, tedious Summer moved with Indian sluggishness. The Redman was on his vacation, and except for satisfying his fishing likes, he listlessly kept within the shadows and thought little of legitimate self-advancement. At last Fall found their flickering fire-side and bade it burn brightly against heavily frosty nights. While yet the leaves of the lower levels hung green, still as the eye led upward to ledge and crag and mountain beyond, the vegetation was seen to be turning red and yellow, preparing for the snows of a heavy Winter. Soon the sure signs of an Indian Summer settled serenely and silently, bringing a mystic, smoke-like mist, leaving it profusely hanging over hill and dale as far as the eye could see. But at last the November winds, bold and robust, plundered the trees of the valley and cleared the shades from over the lodges, which now stood in bold relief, huddled among naked bows of the low-lands.

Ted, tanned to a brown, by sun and wind, began hearing wonderful news. At tomorrow's dawning, camp was to be broken and all were to move many days eastward to the place of their usual wintering. On the route, they were to stop and exchange their unusually large catch of fall beaver packs for carrots, onions, corn meal, flour, etc.

Up to this morning of departure, Ted had never been allowed to get astride a horse. Imagine now his joy, as he rode a small pony along with the other fellows, moving surely but slowly away from Snake River Valley toward what he felt was a better chance for freedom. "My birthday surely can't be far off," he reasoned. "I remember that this year we thought it would come on Thanksgiving day. From the feel of the air, November 26 isn't very

far away." Day after day they traveled; the many valleys and ridges and mountains ran along in bewildering numbers. Just where they were, Ted did not know—he must by no means inquire. Such interest might cost his present liberty. If possible, he would let nothing take from him this privilege which he now so enjoyed. At last, about noon of a certain day, there stretched before him a sight never to be forgotten—Bear River Valley lay nestling snugly beneath its sheltering mountains. Quickly arousing himself from the fascinating charm of the almost bewitching view, he became decidedly neutral and indifferent to all surroundings and busied himself gloriously in the braiding of his horse's main. He did not fail to notice, however, that Deer Foot, with no share of camp obligation, rode always near at hand.

The noon stop lengthened into hours, and not until the sun was touching the western hills did they move forward. As dusk settled its November chill over the riders, both Wolf Head and Deer Foot rode quietly along near Ted and his Indian pony. During the night, they went into camp about a quarter of a mile west of the river. What disposition they were finally to make of him, Ted tried to reason out, but this much was sure, he found, as the days of trading sped on, they were allowing him not the least chance of escape.

Among the band of ponies, a little taller than the rest, was a rather lanky, long-legged, roan horse, skittish toward being roped in the open. Being the fastest animal of the bunch, he was regularly used to lead the round-up; at least, when he could be caught. No one but Ted knew how well this horse liked carrots. The boy and Roanie, all unobserved, had become confidential friends.

All the spare furs were now gone; to move was the next object, and that before winter snows retarded progress. The boy, still hopeful, grew more determined that, with the first possible chance, he would make a dash for freedom. Realizing, however, the results of failure, he must make no slippery turn. The morning for moving came; they began tearing down the camp; supplies were made ready for packing; the horses had been driven in and were now quietly feeding a few hundred feet to the south of camp. About ten o'clock, several large flocks of Canadian geese came honking up the river. Circling about a few times a half-mile or so above the camp, they finally lit. Never before had Ted seen so much excitement among the young fellows. All ran for their guns except a few of the older heads. Even Wolf Head and Deer Foot were persuaded to let some of the younger hunters take their guns. All seated themselves close about their fires and silently waited the cracking of the muskets.

Ted quietly felt in his pocket; yes, it contained two carrots; and secretly concealed in his clothes was a small, short, Indian bridle rope, the jaw style used by this band exclusively. The wait was longer than expected. The squaws were calling to "Pack up!" Just

then one of the bucks in an impatient and commanding mood exclaimed, "Out, get horses, boy. Bring 'em in. Go!" And as Ted started southward he was interrupted with, "No ride 'em. You walk 'em." The boy nodded his understanding of the orders. As he stepped forward his heart, pounding heavily, seemed to be right up in his neck, then his breath came so fast that he was rather over-supplied, and greatly feared that his very manner of walking would betray his determination before he should reach the horses.

"Bang! Bang!" Blustered the guns in unison, amid shouts of men and cries of rising geese. Not even this noise made Ted look back. His chance was here! He must take it right now, and on but one horse; and that was Roanie. He knew, however, that no one outside of camp had successfully put a rope around his neck. Could he do it? That was the question. The horses now ceased eating, lifted their heads and watched Ted, as he came forward mincing a carrot.

"Come Roanie, come Roanie, come Roanie," gently and persuasively entreated the boy. "Come on, old fellow; come on." The big roan pricked his ears, stood with head and tail lifted, then with a decided little neigh, left the bunch and came striding straight toward the approaching carrot. For the first time, the excited boy glanced toward camp. The Indians had dropped their blankets and were standing watching every move intently. "Shall I try it? Shall I try it?" he repeated quickly to himself, as he produced the remaining carrot for the fascinated horse. Here was the horse, there was the river, and then the long chase. He patted Roanie's neck and at the same moment produced his rope which, in another instant, was fastened. A grasp of the heavy mane, a quick leap and he was astride the prancing steed. Before the horse had taken two leaps with its tail toward camp, the shouts of outwitted, angry savages met his ears. How he must flee! A race for life, indeed! Make it or die in the attempt. He was determined! No thought of ford or trail, straight for the river bluffs he flew. Over their edge and down through the stinging brush and willows he fairly tore, sticking like a leach. Here was the river, deep and eddying. Slacking a little, the horse gave a plunge. Only Ted's head and shoulders remained above water. Up they bobbed, however, and struck out for the opposite bank, the horse swimming wonderfully. Up the frosty incline on the other side, through trees and bushes, the half-drowned horse and rider hurried. As they reached the higher ground, a hundred yards farther on, the boy turned in time to see his pursuers on their ponies, racing down the opposite incline toward the river. With the ceasing of their shouts, Ted read their cold determination.

The youngster felt every muscle of Roanie tighten as he cleared small washes or swerved a bit to miss badger holes and mounds. The heavy, fog-like mist was fast disappearing. Far beyond, the mountains,

all ghost-like, towered upward. How far he was from the village, he could not guess; possibly a dozen miles, but he was not sure.

On long, hard chases he had ridden before, at least one was still fresh in his mind. That such speed as he now was flying would soon wind his horse, he fully knew; so, talking gently to Roanie, he began tightening the reign. He was a mile or more from the bluffs of the river before he turned to have a look at his pursuers. Astonished almost to bewilderment, he saw no Indians, everything behind was clear. "They've had trouble at the river!" he exclaimed half aloud. Pulling up his horse a bit, he rode more leisurely, but still going at a lively gallop. "I guess they knew they couldn't catch Roanie," and he leaned forward and stroked the faithful animal's neck. "There'll certainly be something doing when they return to camp empty handed," he continued. Again he sent his eyes on every side, but no Indians, not a living thing in any direction. Then all of a sudden, he remembered his former capture. "Possibly the Indians are following some hidden ravine again," he exclaimed, at the same time loosening the rein and sending his horse with more speed. Anxious, almost beyond power to think effectively, he sent his well trained eyes over the range on every side, and doubly so toward the breaks of the river. Suddenly he was startled, far in the lead there appeared what seemed to be two galloping horsemen, rising and falling along the sky line. Then, to his joy, he made them out to be two large black crows in the distance, flapping along the horizon. It is peculiar how such birds, seen in the mist beyond, so nearly resemble moving horsemen. Almost anything could now happen, and he felt he wouldn't be surprised. Mile after mile past low hills and shallow hollows they clattered. Swiftly, but stealthily, out from behind a line of mounds and bluffs, some two or three miles away, raced four riders. Ted was horrified! He saw the break-neck speed at which they were rushing to cut off his lead and chances for safety.

"I'll pull toward the mountains," he half cried in his fearfulness, "then they'll have to ride within a mile of the village to cut me off." So saying, he quickly swung his horse farther to the eastward. Roanie seemed to sense the danger. He needed no urging. "Surely someone will see us," the boy rightfully reasoned, "see our race and know something is wrong." It was not so to be, however, for all the villagers were at church, this Thanksgiving morning.

Much to Ted's relief, two of the Indian ponies were lagging; and, already, were figured out of the race. Would the others do likewise? Their animals had raced farther and a little faster, besides carrying more than double Roanie's load. Swiftness, yet, might turn the tables toward him. His horse showed no signs of exhaustion and ran with resolute firmness. As they sped over the ground, Ted again leaned forward, patting his horse's neck and talking confidently to him. Roanie nodded his nose somewhat, gave a little whinny, as if saying, "We'll make it! We'll make it!"

Ted did not know, then, that Roanie also was racing home:—back to freedom and the place of his birth. He, too, had been stolen the very Sunday of conference, six months before, the day before Ted had left for the river.

The race was now fast drawing to a climax!

The two Sioux, not two minutes ahead, were plainly coming between the boy and the village. By urging their weary ponies to their very utmost, they would soon be just ahead and in his direct path. Leveling his eye at his enemy, as they leaned close to their horses, Ted was doing his best to make out their indentities, when suddenly they raised a little. One look was sufficient. His former captors, firm and set, were before him—Deer Foot and Wolf Head!

A sickening, mental echo of the past few months flew through his vision. Then followed thoughts of failure, accompanied with anticipated sorrows, all whirled fanciful and ghost-like before his staring eyes. With so dulling a sensation was he struck that, for the moment, he seemed gripped fast with perplexing despair. He felt himself racing—speeding—possibly toward grim death. A gnawing sorrow sapped his strength. In this moment of intense anguish, remembering home and mother, he cried half aloud, "O Father in heaven, please help us. Bless Roanie and me!"

Having expressed his inmost soul, he felt somewhat relieved. A moment later, a rather strengthening, sustaining feeling flushed over him. Faster and deeper raced his courage. Filled with this new firmness and supporting vigor, he tore forward, almost defiantly. A fortitude unknown to him previously, clothed him in boldness. On he flew like a young David to the fray! This changed attitude not only heightened his own fearlessness, but it seemed to have impressed his charging steed as well. Horses are won't to be as brave as their masters.

Quick as a flash, he flipped the tiny rope-rein up, over the horse's head, between its ears and back along its neck to his hand. He must leave nothing dangling for a help to the foe. With this loosening of the rein, the big roan swerved a bit and shot, arrow-like, showing an amazing burst of speed, on a bee-line toward home and the enemy. With simultaneous movement, the other horsemen whirled their racing ponies head-long toward the charging pair; then rising upon their horses with arms swinging high and furiously, and cunningly maneuvering in a manner known only to the Redman, the two riders, hot with anger, screeched shrill, blood-curdling war-whoops that at any other moment would have halted and stampeded a battalion. But not so now! With bounding leaps, the courageous roan fairly shot into the conflict. Ready for the fierce struggle, Ted flatly clinched himself to his dashing horse. In that second of excitement he saw the determined dare-devils, Deer Foot and Wolf Head, suddenly whirl themselves and ponies broad-side, directly before the very nose of Roanie." That instant lively things happened, An

impelling collision and smashing mix-up, mingled with shouting riders and plunging horses, produced a thrilling battle-scene not soon to be forgotten. Ted saw one horse and rider before him, sprawling on the frozen ground. His own horse, half down, now plunged forward over the struggling body of Deer Foot. Ted closed his eyes as the clattering feet of his horse brought cries of pain from the half-senseless antagonist beneath him. Roanie righted himself quickly on all fours and again flew toward safety, like a frightened partridge.

"Go it, Roanie! Go it, go it! We've beaten 'em surely this time!" cried the triumphant lad. A moment later he ventured to look back. There on the frosty battle-ground, huddled in a heap, was Deer Foot, with Wolf Head leaning over him. Close beside the pair, two panting ponies, jaded and fatigued, with heads lowered and ears drooping waited in silence.

The program at the rock meeting house was just finished. Thoughts of savory odors of sweet-meats and baking turkey whetted the appetite of old and young alike. Suddenly the patter of hoofs filled the air! "An Indian boy!" was the first alarming shout. Then as the rider raced right up to the church steps and came to a sudden stop, a new cry arose,— "It's Ted! It's Ted!" they fairly screamed in unison.

Out through the door tumbled fathers, mothers, children, and grandparents. Sought by old and young, Ted was fairly snatched from Roanie's back and carried in the arms of everyone, including a weeping mother; while, at the same time with extraordinary genius, he tried to answer a hundred questions, fired in score-like collections.

The Day is Done

Behind the tall, majestic mountains in the west,

The sun sinks low to hide her golden light;

The shadows' glide like thieves from cliff to cliff,

And all the land around awaits the night.

The weary tiller of the soil plods slowly home,

His manly frame is stooped, his head is low;

Before him plays his young and sturdy son,

With eyes still bright and rosy cheeks aglow.

Along the winding path the cows meander home;

Their bells chime low, sweet music as they walk;

Far up among the shadows of the deep ravines,

The shepherd sings to gather in his flock.

Slowly the soft, red glow dies in the azure sky,

As fast behind the mountains sinks the sun,

And weary nature heaves her tired sigh;

She seems to say again, "The day is done."

Clifton, Idaho

BEATRICE WILLIAMS

BUILDING ON THE BEGINNINGS IN IRRIGATION*

The Possibilities of Irrigation in Utah and the West of Great Import to Young Men.

BY JERALD E. CHRISTIANSEN

The beginnings in irrigation were made in the remote past, probably soon after agriculture was first practiced. A number of references are made to it in the Old Testament. The great empire of Babylonia depended upon irrigation for its very existence. Babylon was built upon the Euphrates River in the midst of the desert of Mesopotamia. Egypt has irrigated since prehistoric times and was early called the "granary of the world." In the days of Joseph, the people came into the valley of the Nile to buy corn during periods of famine. Irrigation was practiced in Italy by the early Romans, in Spain by the Moors over a thousand years ago, and in China and India since before the dawn of history.

Irrigation has been practiced also on the American continents since time immemorial. There is ample evidence that irrigation was an age-old practice in many places in the United States, Mexico, and South America, when Columbus discovered America. In northern Chili are ruins of an ancient civilization, so old that tradition has no record of its existence. The practice of irrigation is very much in evidence by the remnants of old ditches and canals. In the Salt River Valley, of Arizona, are the remains of an extensive prehistoric irrigation system that covered fully two hundred fifty thousand acres.

Modern irrigation had its birth with the arrival of the "Mormon" Pioneers in Salt Lake Valley on July 24, 1847. The land was so dry that it was necessary to turn water out of City Creek to moisten the ground before it could be plowed. This was the first irrigation on a community scale by the Anglo-Saxon race. These hardy pioneers are given credit and the honor of founding the practice of modern irrigation, because, in the words of Dr. John A. Widstoe, they "continued to work, dug extensive canals, brought thousands of acres under irrigation, devised methods of irrigation, established laws, rules and usages for the government of populous settlements living 'under the ditch;' in short, they developed permanent irrigation agriculture on a community scale, under the conditions and with the knowledge of modern civilization."

The advancement of irrigation in the United States has been due chiefly to private enterprise. At present, there are, approximately, nineteen million acres under irrigation, of which about one-third has been developed by partnership or individual effort; one-third by mutual companies, and one-fifth by commercial companies and ir-

*Valedictory address at the commencement exercises of the Utah Agricultural College, 1927.

rigation districts. The remaining one-tenth has been developed by public agencies; largely by the United States Bureau of Reclamation and the Indian service.

The Reclamation Act of 1902 was the first real step of the Federal Government into the problems of reclamation. This act created the Reclamation Fund from the sale of public lands in the western states to be used as a revolving fund for the construction of irrigation works. The cost of the construction was to be paid back without interest within a period of twenty years. This was the first subsidy made by the Federal Government for the advancement of irrigation. Thus far more than one hundred fifty million dollars have been spent in this work. The total irrigated area now served by the Bureau of Reclamation is about 1,300,000 acres.

Modern irrigation has not been confined to the United States. India irrigates two and a half times the area that we do. Large areas are also irrigated in France, Spain, Italy, Russia, Egypt, Argentina, Chile, Mexico, Japan and Australia.

That the extension of irrigation is a vital problem, is apparent from a brief survey of the growth of the world population, which has increased from about nine hundred millions to more than eighteen hundred millions during the last one hundred years. In other words, from the beginning of the human race until the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, the population had grown to only nine hundred millions, and during the brief period of one hundred years, it has more than doubled. New countries have been settled; vast areas have been brought under cultivation; modern irrigation has had its birth and has become a very important factor in the production of the world's food supply;—all within this brief period of time.

Professor East, of Harvard University, says that the world population is now increasing as rapidly as at any time during the past, and he estimates that the annual increase is about twelve million people. The better lands of the earth are already under cultivation. Large areas in some of the semi-arid regions of the world, which, without irrigation, are not adapted to the rotation of crops, are becoming depleted in soil fertility and are going back into barren wastes. With the more complete control of the water by irrigation, live-stock farming and crop rotation may be practiced and thus the fertility of the soil may be maintained.

The problem confronting the United States is somewhat similar to that of the world, but the rate of population increase is much higher. Our population has grown from less than 15 millions to approximately 110 millions during the last century. At the present rate of increase it will double every thirty-eight years. In order to take care of our normal growth, we must increase our production by better methods of agriculture, and by bringing a large area of new land under cultivation. Part of this area will come from the clearing

of forests, part by the drainage of swamp lands, but a large part must come from the reclamation of the arid West. We must build on the beginnings in irrigation. In order that our building will be permanent, it must be gradual as needed. At the present time there is a temporary over-production of agricultural commodities. However, in the building of irrigation projects, we must look into the distant future. After three-quarters of a century of activities in Utah, we have reclaimed from the desert only 1,370,000 acres. Our ultimate irrigated area will probably be nearly 4,000,000 acres,

There are three essentials to meet the future needs of reclamation: First, engineering skill; second, scientific irrigation knowledge; and third, cooperation of the people.

The beginners of modern irrigation in America built low diversion weirs across the smaller streams out of loose rock, brush and timber. No great engineering skill was required. Today the building of irrigation projects demands the construction of large and expensive storage dams, tunnels and canals. For example, the American Falls Dam on the Snake River in Idaho, recently completed at a cost of approximately eight million dollars, will store enough water to cover all of Utah's irrigated area to a depth of about fifteen inches. The proposed Colorado River development includes the construction of one dam that will be nearly twice as high as any dam in the World, and that will hold back fifteen times as much water as the American Falls Dam, or enough to cover the irrigated area in Utah to a depth of about nineteen feet. The magnitude of the water pressure against this dam will be enormous. For example, each foot of length must resist a pressure of nearly 5,000 tons.

Of equal importance to the building of massive irrigation dams, is the acquirement and dissemination of scientific knowledge concerning irrigation practice. Water supply is the limiting factor in western irrigation expansion. The determination of what the engineer has termed "the duty of water," is one of the most difficult problems to be solved. What area of land shall be irrigated with a given quantity of water? What are the best practices in the economical utilization of this water? The pioneers were not concerned with these questions; there was plenty of water for all. Men of vision early saw the coming need for scientific knowledge that would lead to the solution of these problems. Agricultural colleges and experiment stations have contributed greatly to the needed information. To illustrate, as a result of more than 100,000 determinations of the moisture content in the soil before and after irrigation, it is now possible for the irrigation engineer to tell the irrigator just how many hours it is necessary to run an irrigation stream on an acre of land properly to moisten the soil.

The third, but most important, essential for the ultimate development of our agricultural resources is cooperation of the people. The outstanding factor in the success of the founders of modern irrigation

was the cooperative spirit that existed. With the development of our state, man has become less dependent upon his neighbors, and that spirit of cooperation has decreased. Today there are large numbers of independent irrigation companies diverting water from the same source and conveying it through parallel canals to neighboring lands. Cooperation means the consolidation of these organizations for the distribution and more economical utilization of the water. For instance, in Cache Valley there are forty-five independent companies distributing water for about one-fifth the area that is served by one irrigation district in California. The success of irrigation demands the close cooperation which has been well described by Dr. John A. Widstoe in the following words: "The nature of irrigation is such as to bring into close social relationship the people living under the same canal. A common interest binds them together. If the canal breaks, or water is misused, the danger is for all. In the distribution of the water in the hot summer months, when the flow is small and the need great, the neighbor and his rights loom large, and men must gird themselves with the golden rule. The intensive culture, which must prevail under irrigation, makes possible close settlements, often with villages as a center. Out of the desert, as the canals are dug, will come great results of successful experiments in intimate rural life; and out of the communities reared under irrigation will come men who, confident that it is best, can unflinchingly consider their neighbors' interests with their own; and who, therefore, can assume leadership in the advancing of a civilization based upon order and equal rights."

Logan, Utah

"Old Faithful" Geyser

Yellowstone National Park

The wonder-geyser that I am has won for me much fame;
My work is prompt, I never fail, Old Faithful is my name.
For years I played, while Redman gazed with fear into my dell;
They seemed to think this part of earth was nothing short of hell.

But now I cheer the crowds that throng to me from every clime,
Who fear me not, but gaze with awe upon my work divine.
I cause the proud to think of God, whose foot-stool is the earth;
I cause the meek to ponder deep into my wonder-birth.

My allied forces, deep, unknown, are held from those who gaze,
Who only see my spouting force, that sprays in different ways.
The heating plant beneath my crown is great, and greater still
Than men would think, if they but knew the work of nature's will.

I'm proud to serve the men today, who seek in nature's life
An atmosphere to build them up beyond the fangs of strife.
Gird up your loins, declaring now, you are to live and try
To do your bit, while here on earth, as faithfully as I.

Mink Creek, Idaho

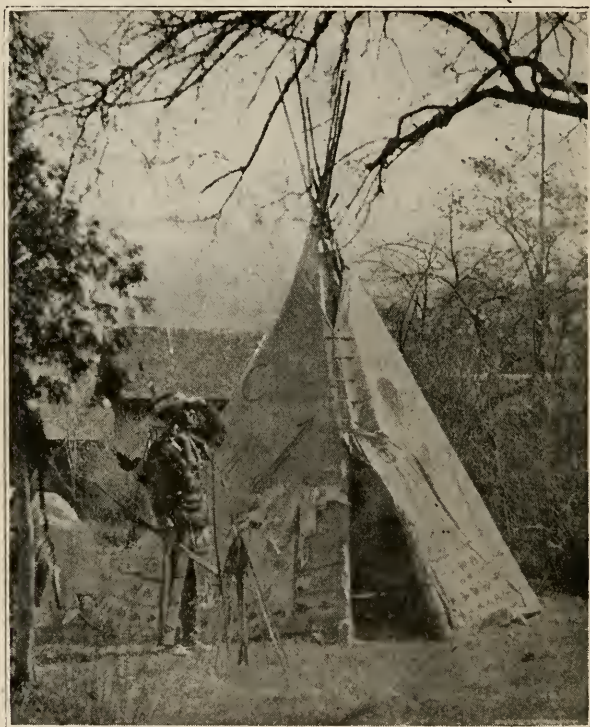
CHRISTEN HANSEN

WESTERNERS IN ACTION

O-und, The Arrow Maker

BY H. R. MERRILL

Among all the white people of Utah there is, perhaps, no person more interested in the Redman and his ways than is O-und, the arrow maker, known to his friends as Mormon B. Selman. Brother and Sister Selman spent many years of the best part of their lives as missionaries among the Indians, where they both learned to appreciate the Redman and his ways.



O-UND, THE ARROW MAKER, HIS TEEPEE AND BUCKSKIN

Brother Selman became so interested in the Indian language and in the task of teaching his dusky brothers that he attempted an Indian dictionary, in which he has spelled most of the Indian words and has given their English equivalents. This little dictionary is of unusual interest as many of the Ute words are beautiful and poetic

in their suggestiveness. From it one can learn much of the Indian method of thought.

To hundreds of Boy Scouts, Mormon B. Selman is known as O-und, which really means, I am told, "the arrow maker." At making bows and arrows, he is especially adept. He usually carries a good bow and a quiver of fine arrows whenever he goes out in his Indian regalia. With these weapons he is a fair shot. As old as he now is, O-und, were he turned loose in the Kaibab forest with no implements of any kind, would be able to find a good living.

Besides being an arrow-maker, he is expert at tanning buckskin in the true Indian fashion. He can make moccasins and bead them with the best of the Indian artists even yet. Recently he has been at work upon a pair of beautiful moccasins, which will be of considerable value when they are finished.

Nothing pleases Brother Selman more than to dress in his Indian suit and take the part of his red brethren in the dance or in other activities. Many a person well acquainted with Indians has mistaken him for one when he has been so dressed.

At his home in northeastern Provo, he is often found at work on some Indian implement or piece of clothing. On his lawn he usually has a fine tepee standing among his trees. He says that on his lot he can find plenty of arrow material and other woods for his Indian work.

Last Fall he came into possession of several deer skins, the buckskin manufactured from which you may see in the photograph, lying on the side of the tepee.

Though he is more than seventy years of age, he is unusually spry. Each Summer for the past few years he has climbed Timpanogos in moccasins and war paint, bow and arrow in hand. He gave the boys a genuine thrill at the Timpanogos Scout camp, when he baited a bear with honey and was able to show them, by means of his tracks, where bruin had visited the spot during the night time. Again they were pleased when, upon finding a cow that had been dead but a short time, he showed them how to secure sinew for their bow-strings and how to spin it.

O-und is an interesting character. Scouts everywhere in the Timpanogos council know him and love him for his kindness and his helpfulness and great store of knowledge of the woods.

State Commercial Contest at B. Y. U.

East met West and Catholics met Protestants at the State Commercial Contest which was conducted at Brigham Young University on Friday, April 1. Although only its third year, the contest was participated in by 141 high school students of Utah in the typewriting and shorthand departments.

A feature of the contest was the visit of George L. Hossfeld,

of New York City, present world champion typist and the only individual who has had this honor for five years. Mrs. Elizabeth Adams, of the Gregg Company of San Francisco, was representative from the Pacific Coast, and these enthusiasts exemplified in a mature way the enthusiasm which the youthful contestants radiated.

A free trip to New York City, given by the Underwood Company to the winner in the first-year typewriting event, was won by Miss Beth Christensen, of Richfield high school. This is the second year



STATE COMMERCIAL CONTEST HELD AT B. Y. U.

this high school has won this honor. Individual honors were won by Donna Leak, Davis county high school (Kaysville), and Clars Pace, Payson high school, in the shorthand event; and in typewriting by Beth Christensen, Richfield high school; Louis W. Darby, Granite high school (Salt Lake City); Lorin W. Wheelwright, Ogden high school; Willma Boyle, B. Y. U. high school (Provo); Dorothy Coons, Richfield high school; Ione Christensen, North Sevier high school (Salina); Max Bee, Provo high school; Clyde Sandgren, Provo high school; and Lorna Jensen, B. Y. U. high school. School honors included pennants given by Brigham Young University and loving cups given by the Utah Power and Light Company and the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company. They were won by Richfield high school in the shorthand event, and B. Y. U. high school (Provo), Lincoln high school (Provo), and North Sevier high school (Salina), in the typewriting events.

The contest was taken charge of by A. Rex Johnson and E. H. Holt of Brigham Young University. These contests are open only to regular, enrolled students in the high schools of the State.



PROVO L. D. S. SEMINARY, DEDICATED SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1927,
BY ELDER GEORGE F. RICHARDS, OF THE COUNCIL
OF THE TWELVE.

In front, left to right: Victor Anderson, Ezra Stuki, H. Alva Fitzgerald, Jesse Washburn, seminary teachers. Elder George F. Richards, President Thomas N. Taylor of Utah stake, Elders J. Wm. Knight and Simon P. Eggertson, counselors.



Photo by Howard B. Anderson, Denver.

From the oil shale in the black ledges of this, the Government Experimental plant, near Rifle Colorado, is extracted a gallon of oil per ton of shale. The Colorado river and the Pike's Peak Ocean to Ocean (P. P. O. O.) highway are in the foreground.



HEAPS OF PEARL-PRODUCING CLAM SHELLS

CLAM FISHING

The New American Industry

BY ALICE B. PALMER

The enormity and wonder of the fresh-water clam situation in this country is little realized as yet.

Several years ago, this new industry, called Clam Fishing, sprang up in the United States and has made rapid progress with the last ten years. The fresh-water clam was scarcely known in this country, while the well known ocean clam held full sway.

The discovery was made by some fishermen along the Mississippi River. They not only located the clams, but later found that they contained beautiful pearls, far superior in every way to the famous, so-called ocean pearl.

At first their chief object in gathering these clams was for the pearls alone; but later the commercial value of the shells themselves became apparent when they found that pearl buttons could be cut from them. Now, there are large pearl-button factories throughout the United States which turn out millions and millions of them annually.

The producers of this industry are called clambers. They camp along river banks with the necessary equipment and take out tons and tons of these wonderful shells which they ship to the various button factories. The price ranges from \$40 to \$100 a ton according to the market.

When what is known as a virgin river is discovered, they have

been known to take out a ton a day; but on used streams the average is three to four tons a week.

In the spring of the year, when the rivers are high, flat-bottom clam boats are used which are manipulated by aid of long ten-foot poles instead of oars.

To these boats are attached what is known as drags. They are twelve-foot iron rods with two-foot lengths of manila rope attached two inches apart. Upon the end of each rope is a six-inch iron hook having four prongs.

This drag is fastened to the side of the boat, lengthwise; but when in use it is lowered into the water, from the end of the boat, and left from fifteen to twenty minutes. Then it is raised and contains from one shell to a hundred, according to the clam bed.

Clams lie in beds of sand or gravel known as pockets to the clammer; and when one of these is struck, he calls it a gold mine, for it takes several days to take them all out.

Then in July and August comes what they call, "Picking." The river becomes shallow and it is possible to wade about, gather the clams as you would pebbles and fill a boat in a very short time.

Now there is a process to prepare them for shipping. Large steam cookers are made from sheet steel and set over a hollow dug in the ground. This is filled with clams and covered with water. Then after steaming for ten minutes, they are forked out on a long table where the meats drop out leaving the shells clean, which are then thrown into a heap upon the ground. Now the meats left upon the table, which have been separated from their shells, are examined for pearls, slugs and barnques.

The pearls lie within the lip of the clam, having a protection of only a thin outer skin. By running the fingers over this portion one is able to feel a hard substance if there is a pearl; and when this skin is removed, the lustrous king of jewels is revealed.

The slugs and barnques are the mis-shaped, off-size, undeveloped pearls which are to be found on the opposite side of the clam meat. These are more plentiful and are sold at from \$4 to \$10 an ounce.

Several marvelous pearls have been found in this country within the past ten years which have been sold at fabulous prices to the Royalty of Europe. Then there have been many which have been sold in the United States for thousands of dollars.

A merchant from Chicago, while camping for recreation along the Fox River of Illinois, became interested in the great enterprise. He sold out his business in the city and entered into this branch of business exclusively. After five years he was able to retire. It seems, he struck one of those virgin rivers in the state of Michigan when the market price on shell had reached its height of \$100 a ton. He took out six car loads in one season, besides finding several valuable ball pearls and one hundred ounces of slugs.

Think of the possibilities in this field of industry, which is yet practically in its infancy. It is really surprising how few people in

the United States realize the true, inner facts concerning this great American discovery; yet it has been open to all who care to investigate.
Elgin, Ill.

A Wonderful Snowstorm

BY JOSEPH C. BENTLEY, PRESIDENT JUAREZ STAKE

This last Winter, in the Mexican colonies, was unusually void of storm and moisture, so much so that as Spring and early Summer (the dry seasons of the year) approached, prospects for crops were very discouraging. An unusually large acreage of grain had been certain. There had been no rain or snow fall in the mountains to speak of, water in the rivers was very low, and crops already needing irrigation, which was out of the question without rain or snow.

This was the condition of the people of Colonia Dublan, when Bishop Anson B. Call told the people, the Sunday before, that the regular Fast Day in March would be set apart for special fasting and prayer for rain and moisture. He told the people of the ward that if anyone had aught against his neighbors, to settle during the week—make special mention in their family prayers for rain, bathe their bodies, put on clean clothes, and come to Sacrament meeting Sunday afternoon, united and fasting. He asked the people to pray for the man who had been appointed to take the lead in prayer on Fast Day, and bore his testimony that the Lord would hear and answer their prayers. The people accepted the instructions and all seemed united in carrying out the wishes of the bishop.

Sunday morning, March 6, was a clear, beautiful morning, not a cloud to be seen. The Spirit of the Lord was poured out on the people, and earnestly they fasted and prayed for moisture, so much needed. Sunday night the clouds began to appear, and Monday morning it was slightly raining. At night everything was clear and calm. Tuesday and Wednesday the sky was also clear, but Thursday the wind began to blow and during the night it commenced to snow so that by Friday morning there were about eight inches of snow in the valley and from sixteen to twenty-two inches in the mountains. Travel in the mountains was entirely stopped for a few days and it was reported that in some of the canyons the snow had drifted ten to twelve feet deep. Friday afternoon the storm cleared up, and while the nights following were very cold, the days were warm; because of everything being so wet, no serious damage was done to the fruit, though some of the early fruit was killed. About a week after the storm the water began to increase in the rivers, and while there have been no floods, there is abundance of water for everyone. The following Sunday the people of the colonies expressed their thanks to the Lord for the splendid storm in answer to their prayers.

On other occasions the people of the colonies have had unusual storms come out of season, in answer to their prayers.

Colonia Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico.

A MONUMENT DEDICATED TO THE HONORED DEAD

BY FRANK BECKWITH

After seventy-three years,—years in which the only requiem sung over the spot where Captain John W. Gunnison and seven of his comrades were massacred by Indians was the howl of the lonely coyote—there has been erected a permanent monument to them, very suitable to the need. The stone selected was a shaft of native rock, taken from the lava-flow nearby. Here for generations the Indian and his ancient forebears have buried their dead in the clefts. On this native rock was fastened a bronze tablet, in the form of a huge arrow-head, in which appear the names of the dead and the date when killed. The shaft also bears the wording that the monument was erected by the American Legion, the Daughters of the Pioneers, and the Boy Scouts of America.

To Commander Arthur L. Strange (left foreground in the pic-



Photo by Frank Beckwith

ture), of the Arthur L. Cahoon Post of the American Legion, much of the credit for this monument is due. His efforts brought to completion a thought long harbored—that the dead of the ill-fated Gunnison party ought to be fittingly honored in due military manner.

Standing at the extreme right in the picture foreground is Mrs. Mahonri M. Steele, of Delta, captain of the Delta Band of the Daughters of the Pioneers. Next to her stands Clayton Boyack; on the flap of his shirt pocket is pinned a merit badge of the Boy Scouts of America which had just been presented to him by Scout Executive A. A. Anderson of Provo a few minutes before the picture was taken.

Between Scout Boyack and the monument is seen the stump of a post. For many years a rude cedar post marked this tragic spot; then that post was chopped down, leaving only a butt protruding, and thus in neglect lay the worthy dead, that stump only serving as marker to their grave.

In 1888 Church Historian Andrew Jenson visited the spot, established its location from the then living members of the party who buried the remains within ten days of the tragedy. At the time of his visit a hymn was sung, and prayer offered. Again in 1922, Mr. Jenson, a second time, visited the spot, with a company of sixty-three persons. At this time, more elaborate ceremonies were held.

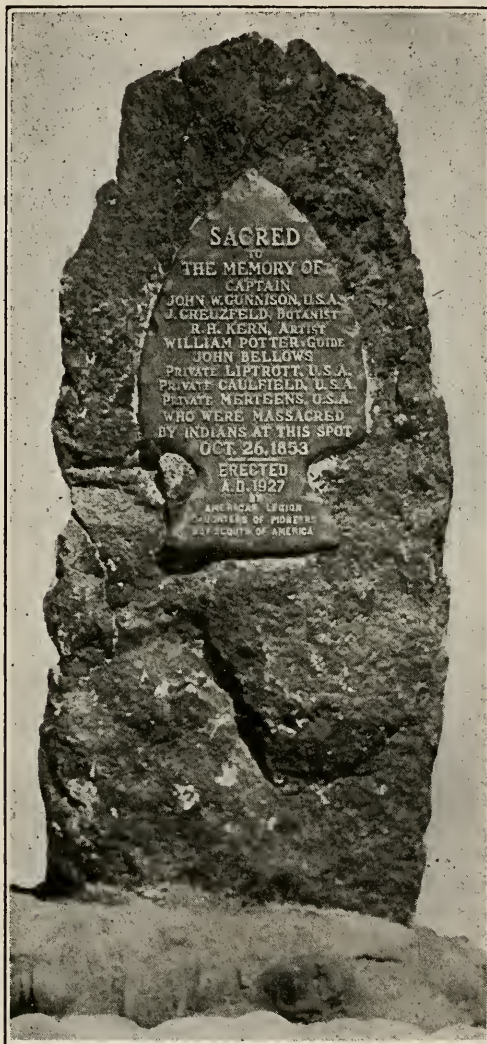


Photo by Frank Beckwith
Monument erected to the memory of
Captain John W. Gunnison

At a lecture on the history of the tragedy, delivered by the author before the members of the American Legion, the Commander, Arthur L. Strange, with a few choice words, raised the enthusiasm of the members to a decision to erect a suitable monument and to hold services with full military honors. The monument was unveiled Memorial day, May 30, 1927.

Historian Andrew Jenson came down from Salt Lake City to review the history of the site. Josiah F. Gibbs, former editor of the *Millard County Blade*, gave an address from the story of the Indians as told to him, the causes leading to the event, and the details. The address was taken from his published essay. In vividness, accuracy, and force, it is the best recital of the Gunnison Massacre which has yet been written.

The author spoke of the personnel of the party, of the character, habits, and

accomplishments of the men who met their death, and told the audience of the curious incident of the name of R. H. Kern on "El Morro" rock in New Mexico, and how he had walked from that spot, "the autograph album of the ages," to his death near Deseret. Thos. W. Cropper, an Indian War veteran, age 85, also gave a short address.

The monument was unveiled by Edwin Stott, age 91, the sole survivor of the burial party, in charge of Bishop Anson Call, of Fillmore, who buried the remains shortly after the tragedy. The colors were unfurled, and a full military salute given in honor of the worthy dead, after which taps were sounded by Bugler George Wilkin, who had played the same mournful notes over graves of his comrades buried in France. Benediction was invoked by Lee R. Cropper, Indian War veteran, age 82.

Delta, Utah

THE FIRST STEP

BY A UTAH LAD SERVING A SENTENCE IN THE FOLSOM STATE
PRISON, CALIFORNIA

I shall introduce myself by stating that I am for a cause serving a sentence in this institution. Some months ago I gained a very sincere friend in Cedar City, who subscribed to the *Era* for me, and my impressions upon receiving my first copy, I am sending you enclosed in this letter. Let me say frankly that the *Era* has accomplished more for me towards setting me back on the road to regeneration than anything else could. I thought that by setting down my feelings as I read the first copy received here, it would, perhaps, help someone else back, too, if published.—W. E. S.:

Alone, I sat in the silence of my iron-barred cell. It was Christmas Eve, and out through the window I could see the rain streaming down the window pane. Everything—gray walls, gray bars, gray sky—seemed cheerless. My thoughts, forever running on things of the "outside," were constantly reminding me that the morrow was the Day of Days—Christmas.

I looked out through the bars later and saw only the dark heavens—the horizon was obliterated in the steady downpour of the rain. Then I heard the heavy footsteps of the mail-guard coming up the corridor. His frequent stops, from cell to cell, betoken some fortunate inmate who had received a letter from home. For nearly two years now, the mail-guard had passed my cell without ever stopping.

Still lost in reflection, with my head bowed, I listened to the steps grow nearer. Suddenly they stopped—and as one in a trance

I heard my number spoken. Almost in a daze I glanced up, and there, thrust between the bars, was what appeared to be a thick envelope.

Hardly crediting my senses, I reached for the envelope. Quickly tearing the brown paper wrapper, I found a copy of the *Era*. It was the November issue, and as far as I know, the first copy to find itself within the walls of this prison.

Much bewildered, I ran my thumb over the pages; then picking up the crumpled wrapper I read the name and address. Yes—it was addressed to me—but who—who had remembered an outcast like me?

Just as I had started to read, a card dropped out from between the pages. The card bore a name in print, with "Cedar City, Utah," written in an old-fashioned hand below. I tried to think—I had never been in Cedar City; knew no one there—. I gave it up, but with a mental note to write and thank my donor on the morrow.

Then I started to read in earnest, skipping from page to page in my eagerness, for it had been many years since I had read a copy of the *Era* in "Mutual" at home. Visions and reminiscences came to my mind with each page—visions of my home years ago, of my mother, my father, and of the sorrows my errors had caused them. Each name in the book seemed to recall some happy memory of boyhood days.

As I read on, each line, each poem and story impressed me with the realization of how far I had been cast adrift from my earlier teachings. Familiar names of men and women, now laboring in the mission field, greeted me. I contrasted their lot with mine. Tears of unashamed gladness ran unheeded down my face—I had indeed "come home"—in thought, even though I was still behind the bars.

Nine o'clock, and with it "lights out," came all too soon. I had just finished reading "The Living Prophet," by Elder Widtsoe, and the wonderful testimonies it contained.

As I prepared for bed it occurred to me that I ought to pray—ought to show my thanks that God in his wisdom had sent me a messenger in this little book to inspire a new start.

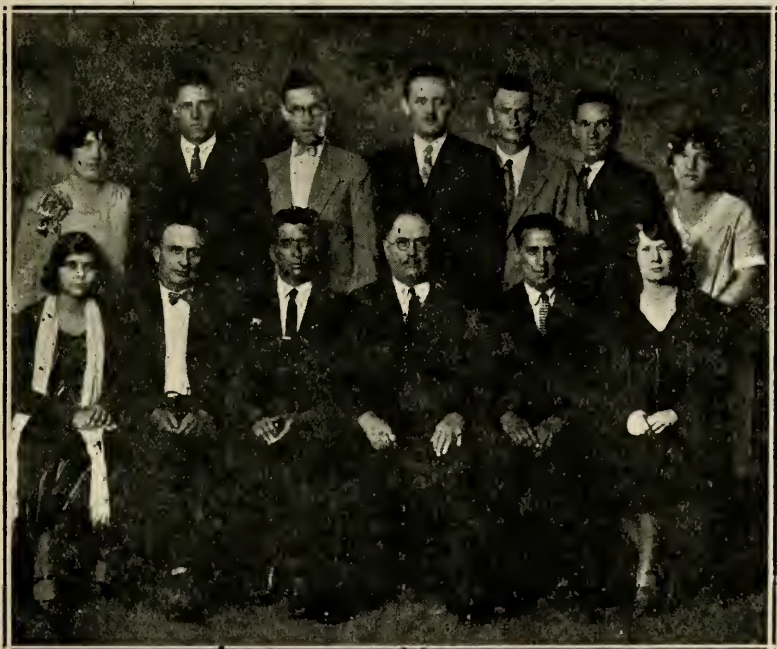
How long had it been since I had prayed? So long, I'm ashamed to say, that I had nearly forgotten. Nevertheless, I knelt on the cold cement floor and whispered a humbly phrased thanks to God—imploping his forgiveness for my transgressions, and beseeching his aid towards climbing the hard road back to righteousness.

My amen said, I got into bed feeling easier in spirit than I had for many years. As I drifted off to sleep a small voice seemed to say: "Thou hast taken the first step—continue."

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

United States

Seventeen Baptisms in Texas. Elder John C. Sandberg reports the South Texas district conference, held May 11, in Houston, Texas. The elders reported greater interest among investigators, and many new districts are opened and a larger attendance at the meetings. There were seventeen baptisms during the last three months, and prospects for more in the near future. "We appreciate the *Improvement Era*. It holds a distinct place in the development of the work."



MISSIONARIES, SOUTH TEXAS DISTRICT

Front row, left to right: Thelma Redman, local; J. N. Wilson; D. O. Biglow, incoming district president; S. O. Bennion, mission president; J. S. Carr; Helen Murdock, Louisiana district. Back row: Eugenia Vawdrey; M. T. Marsh; J. L. Christensen; J. C. Sandberg, outgoing district president; L. S. Fuller; L. H. Cowley; Norma Smith.

New Recreation Hall in San Diego.

The conference of the San Diego district was held May 1. Several baptisms were reported, and a number of interested people are seriously investigating the gospel. A new recreation hall has just been built at San Diego, costing \$30,000. We are sure it will do the intended good in giving the young people proper entertainment, and besides getting many interested in the work. President Joseph W. McMurrin gave very valuable

instructions and complimented the people on their efforts in building the social hall.—*James A. Cullimore*, president San Diego district.



MISSIONARIES OF SAN DIEGO DISTRICT

Top row: Mary J. Hanson, Hazel Day; second row: James A. Cullimore, district president; Joseph W. McMurrin, mission president; Arthur G. Willie, former district president; third row: Emery S. Willardson, Leonard L. Taggart; bottom row: Wm. S. Muir, E. M. Mansfield, James L. Danford.

In Germany and Switzerland

New District Organized. The rapid growth of the Church in the Swiss-German mission has resulted in the recent establishment of a new

district. The change was made at a conference held in Hamburg on April 10, when the Schleswig-Holstein district was organized from a part of the Hamburg district. There was an average of 440 in attendance at the three Sunday meetings of the conference, many of whom were friends and investigators. There was also an officers and teachers' meeting held Saturday night; and an excellent musical entertainment given on Monday evening. The northern part of Germany is choice and fruitful, as shown by the large number of baptisms performed during the last year. With the advantage of the newly organized district, we look forward to even greater progress in the future.—*Hamlet C. Pulley*, president Hamburg district, Germany.



ELDERS OF HAMBURG AND SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN DISTRICTS,
GERMANY

Top row, left to right: John P. Stringham, J. H. Geiss, Herschal V. Garff, Wm. A. McClellan, Eugene Anderson, Murray Mathis, Gustav C. Liebelt, LaMar D. Loutensock. Third row: David H. Calder, E. Harold Calder, Henry Hollinderbaumer, Z. D. Roundy, Reese E. Hubbard, Norman O. Nielsen, Henry F. Garn, Wm. H. Huskinson, Stuart A. Gallacher, Boyd C. Bott, Edward M. Richins. Second row: Peter Loscher, Johannes Carstens, Randolph Reusser, S. Neve Fox, John R. Stewart, T. Quentin Cannon, Clyde Fisher Squires, Samuel C. Worthington, Earl R. Romney, James C. Ellsworth, Horace A. Jones, Otto Brey. First row, (sitting): J. Milton Barrett, Francis I. Moore, Hamlet C. Pulley, incoming president Hamburg district; Elias H. Gardner, incoming president Schleswig-Holstein district; Hugh J. Cannon, mission president; Sarah R. Cannon, president of the Relief Societies of the mission; Aaron C. Taylor, released district president; Stewart C. Campbell, president of the Dresden district; Johannes F. Hense, J. J. F. Schmidt.

The Hannover district conference was held April 3, 1927. President Hugh J. Cannon and Sister Sarah R. Cannon, with visitors from Hamburg and Frankfurt, were in attendance. At the Sunday school on Sunday morning, the program consisted of a pageant depicting the organization of the Church. Preaching services were held at three and seven o'clock, and a special meeting for the Relief Society and the M. I. A. was held at five.

A total of 964 were in attendance at these meetings. On the Friday preceding, President Cannon spoke in Goettingen, at which forty investigators of the gospel were present. He visited Hildesheim on Saturday, when successful services were attended by ninety, more than fifty of whom were investigators. Two were baptized in the Leine river on Monday. The elders visited the Continental Rubber Company plant, where they were shown the various processes of refining rubber, making bicycle inner tubes and rubber heels. Several thousand people are employed here in making rubber articles. We are making wonderful progress in the Hannover district in spreading the gospel. Work has been started in six new cities in the last year. In each place many souls have been found who believe the message of the restored gospel; in all the branches new souls are continually brought into the fold.—*Raymond C. Solomon.*

Members from Three Nations Participate in Conference. A recent district conference held in Basel, Switzerland, was unique in that members residing in three different nations were in attendance. The district embraces a portion of France, Switzerland, and Germany, whence the members came to enjoy uplifting instruction and counsel from the mission authorities and missionaries present. Special features of the conference were the rendition of Evan Stephens' oratorio, "The Vision," and a Bee-Hive pageant written especially for the occasion.

Alsace, a portion of the Basel district, was recently acquired from the French mission by the Swiss-German mission. The transfer was made because of a greater number of the inhabitants speaking German than French.



ELDERS IN BASEL DISTRICT

Front row: J. Hamilton Calder, superintendent mission S. S. and M. I. A.; Blaine Bachmann, president Bern district; George H. Mortimer, incoming president Basel district; Henry K. Aebischer; Clinton M. Dinwoodey, mission secretary; Jacob Bleiker; Julius C. Billeter, outgoing president Basel district; Dean W. Tucker; Willard O. Sandberg; Arthur B. Morgenegg. Second row: Rosanna Cannon, mission recorder; Hugh J. Cannon, mission president; Sarah R. Cannon, president of Relief Societies; Constance Q. Cannon, mission bookkeeper; LaGrande C. Frank. Back row: Henry Weidman; Henry T. Wahlquist; Ezra T. Zollinger; Hellmut Plath, associate editor *Der Stern*; John Huefner; Waldo R. Frandsen; Herschel V. Garff; Walter Trauffer; Louis E. Goff; Albert A. Hoffman; Fredrich W. Sohn;

Joseph W. Stucki; James R. Chamberlin; Homer W. Zollinger; Lamont E. Tueller; Herschel D. Loosli.

In Scandinavia

Conference Held at Aarhus, Denmark. On April 16 and 17 a most excellent conference was held in the Aarhus district. J. Howard Fjeldsted, choir leader, gave a concert on the Friday evening preceding conference, at which a short message of "Mormonism" was given to the world by our mission president, Joseph L. Peterson, the hall being crowded to its utmost capacity. At the conference excellent advice and spirited talks were given by the mission president, by P. S. Christiansen, editor of the *Scandinavian Star*, and a number of elders, who had journeyed overland on foot from their fields of labor to attend the conference. During the eight days of their travel, they distributed more than 6,000 tracts, sold a fair number of Books of Mormon, and held three street meetings, one being attended by about 250 persons. They had many gospel conversations. It is the first time such a journey has been attempted in Denmark. Twenty-six persons have been baptized in this district. The prospects for more baptisms in the near future are good, for all of which we feel highly thankful to the Lord.—*Rasmus Michelsen*, president Aarhus district (released.)



ELDERS OF AARHUS DISTRICT, DENMARK

Front row, left to right: Hans Anderson, incoming president Aarhus district; Rasmus Michelsen, outgoing president Aarhus district; Ida Peterson, president Danish mission Relief Societies; Joseph L. Peterson, mission president; Wilhelmina J. Christiansen, assistant president mission Relief Societies; P. S. Christiansen, editor *Scandinavian Star*. Second row: Hyrum Domgaard, J. Howard Fjeldsted, Wm. Georgeson, Searn W. Hansen, Philip Jensen, Alfred L. Sorensen, Niels P. Rasmussen. Third row: Clifton E. Henrichsen, Douglas Thomsen, Clarence B. Jacobs, Gunnar M. Nielsen, Richard T. Andersen, L. Aage Kjolby, Karl M. J. Thomsen. Fourth row: Halvor Madsen, Achton C. Jensen, Hugo D. Jorgensen, Chas. A. Larsen, (released), Holger P. Peterson.

Four Baptized in Trondhjem. A conference was recently held at Trondhjem, Norway. It was a big success; all the meetings were well attended; four persons were baptized, and the prospects for more baptisms seem bright for the near future.—*Harold H. Erikson*, district president.



ELDERS OF TRONDHJEM DISTRICT, NORWAY

Front row, left to right: *Harold H. Erikson*, district president, Murray, Utah; *Martin Christopherson*, mission president; *Emil John Evensen*, presiding elder Narvika branch. Back row: *Hyrum L. Jensen*, Jerome, Idaho; *Elias J. Ellefsen*, presiding elder Trondhjem branch, Salt Lake City; *Haakon Jensen*, local elder, Bergen, Norway.

In Gavle District. We have just completed one of the most successful conferences held here in years. Both Saints and missionaries are pleased with the results. The attendance was good, and the prospects are very encouraging for the future. We extend our greetings to all the missionaries and to Church members throughout the world.—*W. F. Peterson*, Sweden.

Conference in Malmo District, Sweden. April 12 found the missionaries and Saints of this district, and visitors from Stockholm, in semi-annual conference. The meetings were well attended by both Saints and visitors. Reports of the missionaries gave assurance that a good harvest may be expected this Summer. The elders and Saints were refreshed in spirit by the enjoyable and instructive hours spent together, and returned to their labors with strengthened testimonies to roll on the Lord's work.—*Albert M. Larson*.



ELDERS OF THE MALMO DISTRICT, SWEDEN

Front row, left to right: C. A. Soderberg, district president of Stockholm, Salt Lake City; Andrew Johnson, mission president, Murray, Utah; John Malmstrom, president Malmo district, Murray, Utah. Back row: Albert M. Larson, Long Beach, California; Milford A. Jensen, Smithfield, Utah; Edwin S. Pearson, Salt Lake City; Earl H. Walgren, Salt Lake City; John Stromberg, Eureka, Utah; Rudolph A. Anderson, Malad, Idaho.

Great Britain

True to the Faith and Our Calling. The Manchester district conference was held on March 20. President and Sister James E. Talmage from mission headquarters were in attendance. The district slogan, "True to the Faith and our Calling," was the theme of a well executed program given by twenty-six members of the Sunday school in the morning meeting. Newspaper reporters attended, and good accounts appeared in four papers. Prior to the general meetings, a meeting was held on Saturday evening of the M. I. A. officers and teachers, under direction of Sister May Booth Talmage. The five organizations in this district are engaged in friendly competition for a large, beautiful banner, bearing the slogan, "The Glory of God is Intelligence." The reports given revealed the fact that there are 68% of the branches enrolled, that 90% of the officers and teachers and 78% of members were in attendance, that an average of 90% of the officers and teachers have the *Hand Book*, and 18% of the members also, and that 80% participated in M. I. A. excises, preliminary program and class work. 100% enrollment consists of 50% of the total branch membership. A spirited and refreshing social was given after the meeting. During the six months between the two conferences 28 copies of the Book of Mormon were distributed by the local priesthood, and 68 copies by the traveling missionaries, besides a large number of other books and pamphlets. Work is progressing here and we rejoice in the goodness of the Lord to us. We endorse all the good wishes and thanks given to the *Era* by its many satisfied readers, and add our best to them.—Landell S. Merrill, district president Manchester, England.

WORK AROUND HOME

BY J. C. HOGENSON, EXTENSION AGRONOMIST,
UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

There are too many men who can see nothing to do around home at all. When around home they are just like "fish out of water," uneasy and don't know what to do with themselves. They just have one narrow line of work in mind. Nothing else interests them. Nothing else matters to them. Such persons lose one of the great blessings and enjoyments of life, that of being interested in, and getting enjoyment from, the improving of their homes and surroundings.

I have known farm women who have worked diligently all spring to plant a little garden, and a few flowering plants and shrubs around the home only to have the husband or boys come home, turn their horses or cows, calves or sheep, loose, and destroy them all. "Oh, it doesn't matter, they are just a few flowers." To such men a flower is just a flower, a little furry, effeminate flower, nothing more. They fail to see its beauty or smell its fragrance. It has no value to them. They fail to see or feel or appreciate the higher and finer qualities which the wife or mother felt when she planted it. To the mercenary man it has no value because it does not contribute dollars and cents. To the finer and higher-toned person it has a value far above dollars and cents. To those whose lives are attuned to the beautiful it awakens finer, kindlier, higher and nobler feelings or emotions which really help to make life worth while. It lifts them from the common, every-day, money-grabbing world, into the finer, higher and nobler world of God.

So, it does matter and very much, too. Think it over, and I am sure you will also conclude that it does.

A person who enjoys working or playing around home during his leisure hours, hoeing the garden, caring for the flowers, repairing this little thing and that, gets a real pleasure out of life that can be obtained in no other way. It cannot be bought with money. It is part of the enjoyment of real life itself.

The genuine man has a real home in mind, always, not merely the accumulation of wealth. He uses every spare hour to improve his home so that it will more nearly approach his ideal. He does not sit around wondering what he can do. There are always more thing to be done than he can find time to do. He enjoys the association of plants. He loves to see them grow and develop each day, week, month, and year, into the wonderful plants he had in mind. He sees where a shrub or a tree will improve the appearance of his home here, and a few flowers there. He plants them and gets enjoyment as well as recreation out of it. He plants his vegetable garden, cares

for it both because of his love for plants, and also because of the variety it will add to the diet of his family, which, of course, means health and vigor. He sees a gate sagging, or a hinge loosening, and immediately repairs it. Such a man is a real man, father, and friend. He would not turn his farm animals loose to roam about and destroy what either he or his wife has planted. He loves the plants, and loves, appreciates, and has consideration for the feelings of his wife.

Stephen L. Richards, in an article entitled "Avocation," which recently appeared in the *Improvement Era*, says:

"Home work is second to nothing else in production of happiness in life. It contemplates all of the arts and activities which lead to the beauty, convenience, economy and the general attractiveness of home. I remember a number of years ago hearing a prominent speaker address a large group of business men. He told them that he had been looking through the *City Directory* and found listed opposite their names the various vocations and businesses in which they were engaged—merchants, bankers and professional men he found in large numbers. But, said he, Gentlemen, these are not your chief vocations, they are but your side lines, your chief business is to make and maintain good American homes."

In the words of the popular song:

"Love made the birds that sing,
The flowers in spring,
And everything;
Love made the bungalow,
Where roses grow."

To those whose lives are in tune with the beauties of nature all natural objects and lives are of interest. They hear the sweet, harmonious tones of the songs of the meadow lark, and are thrilled by the plumage of the cardinal. The trees inspire by their majestic forms and giant strength. They find with Shakespeare:

"Tongues in trees
Sermons in stones
Books in the running brooks."

The shrubs are of interest because of their variety of shapes and sizes, and the colors of their foliage and flowers. The flowers inspire by the variety of their delicate tints, forms, shapes and colors, and the variety of odors which fragrantly fill the air. The grains by their usefulness and the green and golden colors waving in the breeze. The grasses are constantly an inspiration for their thick carpet of green and the fragrant odor of newly mown hay.

These things make one more satisfied with and appreciative of life. They make one understand and appreciate more thoroughly the beauties and wonders with which God has surrounded one. They enable one to see the Glory of God and the majesty of his handiwork in a newer and far-greater light than one has ever been able to see them before.

Logan, Utah.

Editors' Table

Reflections

At the Waters of Mormon—There is not a truer or a more sublime conception of religion than expressed by Alma, the elder, in the Book of Mormon, upon the organization of the first "Mormon" Church in America.

Alma told the people that if they were desirous to come into the fold of God, and to be called his people, they were to express a willingness—

First, to bear one another's burdens, that they may be light;

Second, to be willing to mourn with those who mourn;

Third, to comfort those who stand in need of comfort;

Fourth, to stand as witnesses of God at all times, and in all things, and in all places, even until death.

If this were the desire of their hearts, they could then be baptized in the name of the Lord as a witness before him that they had entered into a covenant with him to serve him and keep his commandments.

These four fundamentals of the Church founded by Alma by the fountain of water in the place called Mormon, about 147 B. C., are in harmony with the truth and sublimity of our Savior's advice:

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Also the admonition of James, the brother of Jesus:

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this. To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

And the statement of Paul, in his immortal praise of love:

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth. * * * And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

When Words are Sacred—Speaking over KSL, Elder L. John Nuttall, Jr., of the Brigham Young University, insisted that there should be reason back of faith and prayer, and insisted that words had no sacredness when their significance is not felt. As an illustration, he repeated a current story of the little brother who came home from church and reported that the text was, "You should worry; here

comes the quilt." His sister, ashamed, corrected him by saying the text was, "Fear not; the Comforter cometh." That recalls the story of the little Sunday school boy who came home and asked his mother, "What is sidoo?" The mother said, "Sidoo? I don't know what you mean." "Well," he said, "we were singing in the Sunday school, 'Who is on the Lord's sidoo?'" Singing the words, "Who is on the Lord's side, who?" did not carry meaning to the childish soul. It is important, therefore, that teachers and singers and all others should know that words have sacredness only when their significance is felt.

Idlers, and that means men holding the Priesthood who are not doing their duty, shall be had in remembrance before the Lord. The Lord is not well pleased with them, for, naturally, if they are neglecting their duty, not seeking earnestly the riches of eternity, but having their eyes full of greediness, their children will follow their example, and grow up in neglect and wickedness, which condition ought not to exist, and should be done away from among the Saints. If it is not so, the sin will be upon the heads of the parents, or those who bear the Priesthood.

Responsibility—Any man or woman who breaks the law, in the first place, by drinking booze, and who insists on driving a car while crazed, and kills and seriously injures people, should be punished severely and amply by long imprisonment and heavy fines, and by curtailment of all rights of the road for years to come. No jury should be expected to whitewash the outlaws, because of wealth or social standing, by reporting in their findings: No felonious intent.

Providence. The good ship *Montcalm* left Montreal, Canada, July 3, 1927, with many passengers aboard, bound for Europe. Two days out, at 2 o'clock p. m., as the vessel was making its slow way through a deep fog which had enveloped it for hours, an iceberg suddenly loomed in view. A collision was unavoidable. With the impact, the ship rested on the iceberg, leaning dangerously to one side. There was great consternation among the passengers as the captain ordered the use of the belts, and the crew to lower the life boats. But, as if by miracle, the ship suddenly slid off the ice, righted itself, and slowly continued its regular course, with no further damage, it was later learned, than a broken propeller. There were seventeen Latter-day Saint elders on board, bound for European mission fields:

Earl Dee Hone, Brigham City; Cecil Elmo Hart, Rigby, Idaho; Rulon W. Rawson, Ogden; Ray B. West, Jr., Logan; Kenneth R. Hyber, Chandler, Arizona; Wm. M. Burgess, Roosevelt; Leland H. Hill, Wellsville; Jesse C. Nixon, Wayne H. Knight, John Van Haren, Edward J. Smith, John C. C. Jenkins, Walter B. Schulze, Norman W. Forsberg, Vernon L. Stevenson, Byron W. Daynes, Earl H. Wirthlin, Salt Lake City.

God be praised and thanked for the preservation of his servants in answer to their petitions and the prayers of his people, as in the past, so now, and forever.

Priesthood Quorums

All matters pertaining to the Aaronic Priesthood, presented in this department of the Era, are prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.

Continue Meetings During Whole Year

"Wherefore, now let every man learn his duty, and to act in the office in which he is appointed, in all diligence.

"He that is slothful shall not be counted worthy to stand, and he that learns not his duty and shows himself not approved shall not be counted worthy to stand."

Reports received at the Presiding Bishop's Office indicate that many of the Priesthood organizations are discontinuing Priesthood quorum work during the summer months. The excuse given is that farm work, vacations and the warm weather make it impossible to get members of Priesthood quorums to attend to their duties. When we take into consideration God's plans and his promises, this line of reasoning appears to be the expression of individuals who are seeking excuses, failing to take into consideration the requirements necessary to bind our heavenly Father to his promises. To be successful in any undertaking, whether farming, merchandising or any other business enterprise, it requires intelligent planning and follow-up work. From the excuses offered, we take it we are agreed in this regard.

But some have apparently overlooked the more important phase of our existence, the preparation for eternal happiness. The Lord tells us there is a time for all things; a time to plant and a time to reap; and a time to serve the Lord. It appears that some of us, because we see immediate results from our physical labors, while the reward for service in the Lord's kingdom is not always so apparent, neglect the spiritual for the temporal. We should remember the words of Paul: "We are laborers together with God: ye are God's husbandry. Every man's work shall be made manifest, for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire." Are we overlooking the fact that we are "a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people," and that we "should show forth the praises of him who hath called us out of darkness into his marvelous light?"

The Priesthood is an organization requiring service of its members. They should be "lively stones." A quorum should be "a spiritual house acceptable to God." What justification have we for laying aside our Priesthood work and the opportunity it affords for growth and service, even though we have a desire to do so. This work can be done without interfering materially with our physical labors and thus bind God to his promise of assistance. Why not become partners with God, both in our spiritual and temporal labors?

The time given for the training of those holding the Lesser Priesthood is so short that every opportunity to help them gain a knowledge of the gospel and develop that knowledge through service should be taken advantage of. To do this work properly, there should be no break. As an example of this, we have only to make comparison between the young man before doing missionary service and when he returns from the mission field filled with the spirit of missionary service.

In our opinion, there is no reason why this same spirit cannot be developed before young men enter the mission field. With proper supervision, preparation and opportunity to apply the knowledge learned, we are sure this spirit can be developed.

We strongly advise that Aaronic Priesthood work be not discontinued, but that class work, with regular weekly assignments, be continued throughout the year. The time of holding these meetings is immaterial. The thing of greatest importance is the opportunity for training and service which comes to these young men only by appointment. After all, is it not the duty and responsibility of those who are called as leaders to provide for this work and encourage all to labor in their office and calling in faith, seeking the blessings of the Lord?

New Mission Presidents

According to a report of the Presiding Bishop's office, Lorenzo W. Anderson succeeded Martin Christopherson as president of the Norwegian mission, in June, 1927.

Ihaka Whaanga, Jr., a prominent Maori chieftain, died at Manawarakau Pa, Nuhaka, New Zealand, on Sunday, May 8, 1927, at the age of eighty-five. He was a faithful member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and thousands of Maoris as well as Europeans sense keenly his loss to his people. The deceased was the last native chief of his line, having descended, through a direct line of Maori chiefs (rangatiras), from Tamatea, who went to New Zealand from Hawaii, in 1350. He was also a loyal British citizen and an officer in the British army under his father, who was a major, and fought against what is known as "the Hauwhare Rage." *Ihaka, Jr.*, was a brother of *Hirini Whaanga*, who immigrated to Salt Lake City many years ago, with his wife, *Mere*, and who lived here as a faithful Latter-day Saint and temple worker, and whose remains are buried in the Salt Lake City cemetery. Prominent Maori families from all parts of New Zealand, as well as missionaries, city and government officials and European friends, attended the funeral, which was conducted by the L. D. S. missionaries. Prior to the funeral service, many of the old Maori rites and customs pertaining to such an occasion were in evidence. On top of the casket was a sword presented to the father of the deceased by the late Queen Victoria for his loyalty and valor in military work. The cortege to the cemetery was led by a firing squad of the old Maori Pioneer Battalion, under Staff Sergt.-Major Fisher, who had been sent to represent the British Government in honoring the deceased chief.

Mutual Work

New Superintendents

Charles J. Dewey was sustained superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Bear River stake, on April 17, 1927, vice Charles R. Welling, released.

Joseph G. Green, Riverton, Utah, was chosen superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the new West Jordan stake, at the conference held in Sandy, May 8, 1927. Joseph M. Holt was sustained stake president of West Jordan stake, and Heber J. Burgon president of East Jordan stake. Joseph D. Millerberg, Sandy, R. D. 3, remains Supt. Y. M. M. I. A. of East Jordan stake.

Howard M. McDonald, 917 Ventura Ave., Berkeley, was chosen superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the new San Francisco stake, organized at Oakland, July 10, 1927.

Hyrum S. Evans, Burley, Idaho was recently chosen superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of that stake, vice Loren Lewis, released.

What to do in August

Remember the opening social occurs on September 20, and the first lesson work on September 27, this year.

The main question for stake chairman of organizations and membership committees to ask of the wards is this: Are your ward organizations complete? If not, now is the time for real effort, that September may find all vacancies filled and every officer ready for the first bugle-call.

This is the month of stake officers' social and ward officers' social. These socials may be combined into one big affair, in which all stake and ward officers meet together on a gala occasion, or they may be conducted separately. A definite program should be planned, in which executives, department heads and class leaders should be given an opportunity briefly to present the coming season's work.

The opening membership social and dance should have attention and definite plans adopted to begin the season with an auspicious and enthusiastic start. Spend an evening in socializing, talk M. I. A., sing, play and get the M. I. A. spirit into the hearts of everyone present, so that when the hour of separation comes there will be a feeling of happy, congenial fellowship of a great group in a great cause.

Then begin your lesson work September 27.

Y. M. M. I. A. Manuals for 1927-28

Advanced Senior Class—Three studies are provided for this class:

1. *Champions of Liberty*; twenty-one lessons. These lessons treat the leading heroes of liberty, such persons as Justinian, Luther, Confucius, Buddah, and leaders in the Christian religion, written by a number of leading authorities in the Church and leading writers. Price 25c.

2. *Saturday Night Thoughts*, by Orson F. Whitney, of the Council of the Twelve. This is a religious work on the principles of the gospel, written and published during the war to take the place of the regular Sunday sermon delivered to the people of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in their weekly Sacrament meetings. Price, cloth, 75c.

3. *Current Events*. These will be outlined in the *Improvement Era* and the *Young Woman's Journal*, monthly.

Senior Class—How Science Contributes to Religion, Book VI, Achievement Series, Manual No. 30, by Dr. John A. Widtsoe, of the Council of the Twelve. The purpose of this manual is to show that science contributes to our faith in God and in the principles of the gospel. It contains fourteen chapters, designed to be completed in about twenty lessons. It is a book full of scientific and religious information. Price 25c.

Advanced Junior Class—Some Essentials of Character, Book I, Character-Building Series. These are brief talks on character, written in a conversational style, with a view to inspire ambition for noble lives. There are eighteen lessons, all helpful for character-building for the boys, in whose untried hands rests the race for the coming years. Price 25c.

Junior Class—Stories of the Plains, Book I, Story Series, portraying incidents in the great drama of civilization and religious liberty in their march westward over the great plains, in which heroic achievement the Latter-day Saints played a most important part. Twenty-six lessons; price 25c.

All these manuals are valuable for family libraries. Manuals may be secured from the president of the Mutual Improvement Association of your ward, or directly from the General Office of the Y. M. M. I. A., 47 East South Temple St., Salt Lake City, Utah. Cash must accompany orders.

Notes and References on M. I. A. Slogan, 1927-28

We stand for a fuller knowledge of the Book of Mormon and a testimony of its divine origin.

For the benefit of those who will have occasion, at the various fall conventions and other places, to talk on the theme of the M. I. A. Slogan, we give the following references as some of the sources of information and inspiration on this important subject:

The Book of Mormon itself, first and foremost.

Dictionary of Book of Mormon, Reynolds.

New Witnesses for God, Roberts; vol. 2, "Internal and External Evidences;" or, Y. M. M. I. A. manuals for 1903-04, 1904-05 and 1905-06, subject, "The Book of Mormon."

Articles of Faith, Talmage; chapters 14 and 15.

Radio Speech, Edward H. Anderson, *Deseret News*, Saturday, June 11.

Contributor, vol. 5, "History of the Book of Mormon," George Reynolds.

Improvement Era: The whole number 11, vol. 26, September, 1923; "Notes on the Book of Mormon," Sjodahl, April, 1927, page 526; May, page 623; June, page 696; July, page 795. The theme of the September *Era*, 1927, will be the Book of Mormon, celebrating (September 22) the one hundredth anniversary of the delivery of the plates to the Prophet Joseph Smith by the Angel Moroni. Also see current numbers of the *Era* for short items, suggestions and other references pertaining to the theme of this year's slogan.

New Districting and Contests 1927-28

Never in the history of our organization have we had so successful a season in contest work as during the past year. A very wholesome spirit of "participating for the joy and development that it brings" has generally prevailed, and high standards have been established both in the execution and in the number participating. The thought seems to have been, "Everybody is a winner who enters." The two new events—Drama and Dancing—have been received with great enthusiasm and will be continued for the coming year.

New Districting.

During the past year contest divisions of the Church were modified. Stakes

were grouped into a new arrangement of districts and then an entirely new method adopted for dividing the districts into divisions, thus increasing the divisional contests in the field, but limiting the groups who came through to the grand finals at Salt Lake City. The new arrangement seems to have been very happily received and will continue for the coming year.

Contest Divisions.

Note: Winners in the stake contests will compete in the district at the stake marked *. The district winners will compete in the division at the place designated. The division winners will compete at the June Conference.

Division No. 1. Division contest to be held at Salt Lake. (Ensign Stake in Charge)

District

- 1—Salt Lake, Pioneer, Ensign, Liberty, Granite,* Grant.
- 2—South Davis, Oquirrh, Cottonwood,* Jordan, Tooele.

Division No. 2. Division contest to be held at Salt Lake. (General Board in Charge).

District

- 3—Juarez, Big Horn, San Luis, Young, Los Angeles, Nevada, Northwestern States Mission, California Mission, Western States Mission, Lyman—to be held in Salt Lake, General Board in Charge. Winners of St. John, Snowflake meet, or the stake winners of each stake. Winners of St. Joseph, Maricopa meet, or the stake winners of each stake.

Division No. 3. Division contest held at Salt Lake City. (General Board in Charge).

District

- 4—Moapa, St. George, Parowan, Beaver, Kanab.
- 5—Taylor, Alberta, Lethbridge.
- 6—Union, Boise.*
- 7—Duchesne, Roosevelt, Uintah, Emery, Carbon.*

Division No. 4. Division contest to be held at Pocatello. (Pocatello in Charge).

District

- 8—Yellowstone, Teton, Fremont,* Rigby, Idaho Falls.
- 9—Blackfoot,* Pocatello, Shelley, Lost River.
- 10—Cassia, Raft River, Burley,* Blaine, Twin Falls, Minidoka.

Division No. 5. Division contest to be held at Preston. (Oneida-Franklin in Charge).

District

- 11—Star Valley, Bear Lake, Bannock, Idaho,* Montpelier, Portneuf.
- 12—Oneida, Franklin, Cache,* Logan, Hyrum, Benson.

Division No. 6. Division contest to be held at Ogden. (Mount Ogden in Charge).

District

- 13—Malad, Box Elder, Bear River,* Curlew.
- 14—Ogden,* Mt. Ogden, Weber, North Weber, North Davis.
- 15—Summit,* Woodruff, Morgan.

Division No. 7. Division contest to be held at Payson. (Nebo in Charge).

District

- 16—Alpine, Utah,* Wasatch, Kolob.
- 17—Juab,* Tintic, Nebo, Palmyra, Millard, Deseret.

Division No. 8. Division contest to be held at Manti. (South Sanpete in Charge).

District

- 18—North Sanpete,* South Sanpete, Gunnison.
- 19—Wayne, North Sevier,* Sevier,* South Sevier, Garfield, Panguitch.

The General Boards will be associated with the stakes in the matter of the conduct of these meets.

Dates for these divisional meets for 1928 are suggested as follows:

Divisions—2 and 3 will meet the day preceding the opening of the M. I. A. Annual June Conference.

Division—8—Monday, May 22.

Division—7—Tuesday, May 23.

Division—6—Friday, May 26.

Division—5—Saturday, May 27.

Division—4—Monday, May 29.

Division—1—Wednesday, May 31.

Contest Numbers for Church Grand Finals—100% Efficiency.

Every stake organization, both Y. M. M. I. A. and Y. L. M. I. A., which achieves 100% efficiency for one or more months from October to May, will receive recognition from the General Boards in the nature of gold and green ribbons labelled "100% M. I. A. Efficiency, 1927-28."

For further information on contests see *Year Round Program*, pp 18-21, 1927-28.

Prizes Y. M. M. I. A. Book of Mormon Reading

Only three stakes made a report—Summit, Hyrum and Ogden. The following wards were winners for 1926-27:

Highest number:

1—Upton ward, Summit stake—15.

2—Hyrum 2nd ward, Hyrum stake—12.

Highest percentage:

1—Upton ward, Summit stake—100%.

2—Twentieth ward, Ogden stake—26%.

If these wards will select any four of the books in the list published in the July *Era*, page 835, the books will be forwarded to them free on endorsement of the stake superintendent.

We congratulate the winning wards; but we are greatly disappointed in not obtaining more reports. We are confident that hundreds of wards, if reported, could have made a good showing.

Answers to Book of Mormon Questions

(June *Improvement Era*, p. 748)

Linda S. Fletcher, 2853 Hemlock Street, Longview, Washington, was the first to answer correctly the questions pertaining to Alma, the elder, and is, therefore, entitled to one year's subscription to the *Improvement Era*, which will be forwarded to her, or to any other address which she may designate on application. Her answers and the questions will be published in the September number of the *Era*.

The Book of Mormon

This year marks the hundredth anniversary of the delivery of the sacred plates by the Angel Moroni to Joseph Smith, and in no better way can M. I. A. members commemorate this important event than by reading this sacred volume. Every encouragement will be given to those who did not finish the reading the past year to do so in the coming months. Many will enjoy reading the book again. Credit will be given as before upon the efficiency report; last year's reading, however, should not be counted.

The list of books published in the July *Era*, 1927, p. 835, is recommended for reading during the year, and our officers, Standards committees,

and members, are requested to cooperate in selecting from them the most appropriate books for their organizations and homes.

This list should be called to the attention of libraries in the various communities. We feel sure the librarians will be anxious to place the books upon their shelves. Many persons will also wish to purchase them for their home libraries.

The June "Speedometer"

The June number of *The Ensign Speedometer*, volume 14, number 1, has recently been published by the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association of the Ensign stake. This spicy, interesting, four-page periodical carries the slogan, "Make Ensign Lead;" and the motto, "Let's go to Mutual;" and otherwise shows evidence of live-wire activity by the Y. M. M. I. A. officers of that stake. The June number is devoted particularly to their stake Fathers and Sons' Outing to be held, in Lamanite setting, on July 19 and 20, at Camp Grant; and contains, besides, an M. I. A. calendar, and current news items from the various ward organizations.

Important Changes in M. I. A. Schedule

In accordance with the *M. I. A. Year-Round Program*, the regular weekly meetings of the ward associations throughout the Church will commence this year in September, instead of October. The opening social is scheduled for September 20, and all class work is expected to begin the week following, and last until April 5, 1928. From April 5 to May 31 class work is not provided for, but regular M. I. A. meetings will be held, devoted to group participation in Mutual activities, especially in stimulating interest and preparation for contest work in the stake, district and division, and for the grand finals. This arrangement will provide for class work only up to April 5, and from then on give opportunity for contest work and other activities, so that the activity work will not interfere with the class work, nor the class work with the activities.

Fathers and Sons' Outings—You will feel a real thrill of joy and worship when the program is finished, and you stand in the pines, by the clear, running waters, the everlasting hills surrounding, with your sons by your side, the stars twinkling above, and all join in singing:

"Good night, we must rest.
God keep watch o'er us all through the night;
We shall rise with the morn.
Good night.

"Day is done, gone the sun
From the hills, from the woods, from the sky.
All is well, safely rest,
God is nigh."

Passing Events

Judge Ben B. Lindsay was ousted from his position in the juvenile court in Denver, July 1. Last winter the Colorado supreme court ruled that he was illegally elected.

The French ambassador, M. Herrick, laid the proposed treaty with France to outlaw war before Secretary Kellog, July 7, 1927. He was assured that the proposal would be given the most careful consideration.

The conference on limitation of naval armaments, convened, at the invitation of President Coolidge, at Geneva, June 20, 1927. The United States, Great Britain and Japan were represented by delegates, and France and Italy by "observers."

An L. D. S. chapel is to be erected at Ely, Nevada, to cost \$50,000. The excavation for the foundations has already commenced, according to a report by Elder Orson F. Whitney, who attended conference there July 9 and 10, 1927. The chapel will face the public park and have as a neighbor the city high school, in the most desirable part of town.

The wreckage of an airplane has been found in the mouth of the Amazon river, according to a dispatch, June 20, 1927, from Rio Janeiro. The wreckage consisted of a raft made of an airplane wing, and was supposed to reveal the fate of the French aviators, Captain St. Roman and M. Mouneyres, who left St. Louis, Senegal, May 5, for Pernambuco, Brazil.

King Ferdinand of Rumania, the last of the Hohenzollern family to reign in a Balkan state, died early July 20, 1927. His 5-year-old grandson, Michael, has been proclaimed king under the regency of his uncle, Prince Nicholas, archbishop of Rumania and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. It is predicted that the death of the King opens an era of political trouble for the country.

Senator Reed Smoot arrived home on July 5, coming west in response to an invitation to visit President Coolidge at his summer residence in North Dakota. The Senator did not think politics would be discussed, but that the visit would be merely a social one. Improvement in the conditions of the health of Mrs. Smoot, the Senator said, made it possible for him to make the western trip at this time. A special session of Congress was discussed.

Henry Ford retreats in the battle against the Jews, according to a copyrighted article in the *New York American*, July 7, which states that he has ordered the *Dearborn Independent* to discontinue all articles hostile to the Jewish people. Mr. Ford has, it seems, become "fully aware of the virtues of the Jewish people as a whole, of what they and their ancestors have done for civilization and for mankind * * * their benevolence and their unselfish interest in the public welfare."

The second conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations opened July 15, 1927, at Honolulu, for the purpose of discussing unofficially matters of interest to the countries bordering on the Pacific ocean. Delegates from the United States, Great Britain, Japan, China, Australia and some smaller countries were in attendance. Such questions as resources of the countries, their aspirations, race migrations, communications, etc., are on the program. The first conference was held two years ago.

The Granite Stake of Zion has an employment bureau. During June 174 person were given work. The organization comprises each ward in the stake, with a local committee in each and a central organization. to

which all having work to be done are expected to give notice, and to which those desiring work may apply. No charges are made for the service. The stake people are in this way looking after the welfare of those who are unemployed, and much good is accomplished through the organization.

Cigarette smoking caused the death of six persons, July 8, 1927, at Vancouver, B. C., when the seven-story Royal Alexandra apartment house was partly destroyed by fire. The supposition is that a painter, who was working in a vacant suite on the fourth floor and smoking, dropped sparks which ignited a can of liquid with which he was removing the paint from the floor of the corridor. It was he that turned in the alarm. He told the police that the flames suddenly enveloped the hallway and drove him to seek safety in flight.

The No-Tobacco League of America will hold its twelfth annual convention at Winona Lake, Indiana, August 15 and 16. The organization, which is national, is devoted to a thorough study of the tobacco problem, with the purpose of finding a sane, practical solution of it. Its work is practically one of education. Its motto is, "Let us keep the young folks clean from the blight of nicotine; let us teach the youth the truth about tobacco." Write to *Charles M. Fillmore*, general secretary, The No-Tobacco League of America, 821 Occidental Building, Indianapolis, Ind., for further information.

Disastrous cloudbursts and floods were reported, June 28, 1927, from Price, Carbon Co., Utah. More than a dozen homes were wrecked, railroad and automobile travel was paralyzed for twenty-four hours, and mines and pipe lines were damaged, according to a check made today of the toll taken in Carbon county Monday night and Tuesday by cloudbursts and floods. The Denver & Rio Grande Western railroad suffered damage to its main and branch lines running into the thousands of dollars and will require from one day to two weeks to repair.

The pope speaks. In an allocation, June 20, 1927, Pope Pius XI intimates that he may excommunicate the French Catholics who support Leon Daudet, French Royalist, who has been attacking the Vatican. Concerning Mexico, the pope eulogizes the stand taken by the clergy, and scores the "rulers" generally for not rendering their countries "immune from the danger of the public and secret circulation of subversive theories of all kinds which filter like poison through the nations."

A new stake was organized at a conference held in Oakland, Cal., July 10, 1927. President Rudger Clawson, Elder George Albert Smith, of the Council of the Twelve, and President Jos. W. McMurrin, of the California mission, were in attendance. The new stake will be known as the San Francisco stake. Elder Wallace Aird McDonald was chosen president, with John Edward Johnson and Clyde W. Lindsay as counselors. President McMurrin says there are now 11,000 members in the California stakes; 4,000 in the new stake and 7,000 in the two Los Angeles stakes.

Utah is well represented at the Nevada Transcontinental Highways exposition, at Reno, Nevada. The exhibit is located in the south portion of the automotive palace, and the exhibitors include the agricultural and horticultural departments of the state; the Utah mental hospital; the Utah industrial school and some fifty-six individual exhibitors. Over the entrance to the space is a huge electrically lighted arch, at the top of which is the great seal of the state, done in gold, the seal standing out in relief. The beehive, typical of industry and the state's greatest advertising asset, has a prominent place.

The Kilauea volcano in Hawaii awoke to activity, July 7, and poured streams of lava from its crater. The earth trembled, fountains of fire played upon the slopes of the mountain, and three rivers of molten lava ran from

the fire pit, forming a blazing lake miles across. Warning of the impending eruption was registered by the seismograph of the observatory at the crater rim, which recorded four slight tremors of the earth two hours preceding midnight. An earthquake at Hilo, thirty miles from the volcano, awoke few residents at 3:21 a. m., and they gazed upon a beautiful but awe-inspiring sight.

John Drew, "the dean of actors," died at a hospital in San Francisco, on July 9, 1927, after 39 days of illness of arthritis, rheumatic fever and septic poisons. Brief, simple services were held in the secluded little Cypress Lawn crematory chapter a few hours after Mr. Drew's death, because it was explained that Mrs. Louise Devereaux, the actor's daughter, was on the verge of collapse after her long vigil at the bedside of her father. The services were attended only by the three relatives who were with Mr. Drew when death came, Mrs. Devereaux, her husband, Jack Devereaux, and John Barrymore of Hollywood, the actor's nephew.

High wind caused considerable damage in Gila Bend, Ariz., and other places in that state on July 7, 1927. A Catholic church was literally picked up by the wind. It was hurled across the street and deposited in the front yard of a residence. The edifice, of fairly light construction, had stood in Gila Bend for several years. Rains, almost torrential in violence, accompanied by the extremely high winds and electrical disturbances, swept the central portion of the state, and apparently extended across the entire state. Property damage is estimated at thousands of dollars. The water users' power system, leading to Phoenix from Roosevelt, Horse Mesa and Mormon Flat dams, was demoralized by the worst storm in Arizona for years.

A severe earthquake affecting Palestine and Transjordan was reported from Jerusalem, July 11, 1927. Twenty-six persons were killed and thirty injured in the Jerusalem district. The Hebrew university was considerably damaged. Part of the roof collapsed. Falling houses killed four children on the Mount of Olives and five women at Ain Karim, the birthplace of John the Baptist, according to tradition. It is feared that the famous ruins of Gerasa (Jerash) may have suffered. In the fourth century Gerasa was considered one of the largest towns in Arabia. Private reports state that the famous Church of the Sepulchre was damaged. After the quake the streets of Jerusalem were filled with excited crowds, who refused to reenter their homes. The postoffice was besieged with people telegraphing friends and awaiting news.

One hundred and fifty persons perished on July 9, 1927, in a rainstorm flood, which swept a number of towns and villages in Saxony, Germany, and caused damage to property estimated at 12,000,000 marks. The stricken areas include two valleys in the favorite tourist district along the Elbe and its tributaries, the Mueglitz and Gottleuba rivers, in the so-called Saxon Alps, with Pirma, well known to American tourists, as a center and including Glashuette, the center of the celebrated German watch industry where a 400-year-old stone bridge, the pride of the city; was washed away. Rail traffic was completely paralyzed throughout the area and telephone communication was reestablished only with great difficulty. The disaster came so swiftly it was impossible for many of the victims to take refuge on their housetops or to find other means of escape.

Commander Richard E. Byrd and crew left Roosevelt Field, New York, June 29, 1927, at 5:24 a. m., eastern daylight time, in the three-motored monoplane *America*, for Paris, France. He was accompanied by Bert Acosta, flight pilot; George Norville, flight engineer, and Bernt Balchen, passenger and relief man. On July 1, it was learned that the *America* had been forced down and was wrecked at 5:45 a. m., French time, at Ver-sur-Mer, a seaside resort, 175 miles west of Paris and about 30 miles from Havre. The fliers were reported safe. According to the figures published, Commander Byrd made 3,812 miles from New York to Ver-sur-Mer in 42 hours, or according

to another calculation, 43 hours, 21 minutes. Chamberlin and Levine were also in the air about 42 hours. They covered approximately 3,790 miles. Lindbergh covered 3,610 miles in 33 hours and 29 minutes.

Hial Bradford Hales died in the hospital at Lehi, Utah, May 7, 1927. He was a son of George G. and Tryphena Bradford Hales; born October 8, 1869. He has been a prominent member of the Church, and has been an active worker in the various parts of the State in which he has lived. He labored as a missionary in New Zealand for nearly four years. He has been a constant reader of the *Improvement Era* from the beginning; and has given, from time to time, yearly subscriptions to the magazine to his friends. During the last four years he resided in Windsor ward, Alpine stake. His services to the Church will stand as a monument to his memory. He is survived by his wife, Mary Brown Hales, formerly of Provo, and the following children: Mrs. Nida Bradley, of Sparks, Nevada; H. Brown, Reed B., Kona Mae, Leo P., Thora and Don G. Hales, of Windsor ward, Orem, Utah.

Mabel Mayer, a Latter-day Saint girl of 15, of the Elmhurst branch, San Francisco district, was killed in a most cruel and tragic manner, near her home in Oakland, on the night of Saturday, July 2, 1927. She had been visiting at the home of her uncle, Chris. A. Mayer, where her mother was caring for an infant child. After telephoning to her father, John E. Mayer, that she was leaving for home, she boarded the car as usual. No more was heard of her until her mutilated and beaten body was found by two workmen laboring in a yard behind a deserted house. The murderer has not yet been apprehended. Miss Mayer is reported to have been of the very highest moral character; and had not missed attendance at Sunday school in the Elmhurst branch for five years. Funeral services were held in Oakland, California, and the remains interred in the Evergreen cemetery.—*Bob Allen, San Francisco District, Calif.*

Off for Honolulu. Lieutenants Lester J. Maitland and Albert Hegenberger left Municipal Airport, Oakland, Cal., June 28, 1927, at 7:09 a. m., for Honolulu. At 10:45 p. m. the Federal Telegraph Co., Portland, Ore., learned by radio that the plane had been sighted 900 miles southeast of Honolulu. The message was timed at 9 p. m. Pacific coast time. The expected air race to the Hawaiian Islands failed to materialize when Ernest Smith, piloting a civilian plane, was forced to return to the airport after having taken off more than two hours later than the Fokker machine. The air deflector on Smith's plane was damaged and, before a new one could be fixed, the navigator, Charles Carter, decided it was too late to start, as the army plane had almost five hours' lead. Lieutenants Maitland and Hegenberger arrived in Honolulu at 8:59 a. m., June 29, Pacific time, having finished their journey over the water, of 2,400 miles, in 25 hours and 50 minutes.

Mrs. Eliza Porter Clark died at her home in Farmington, on Sunday, June 12, 1927. She was born in Porterville, Morgan county, October 22, 1862, the daughter of Alma and Minerva Deuel Porter. She was married to Hyrum D. Clark, in 1880, and soon after their marriage they went to Georgetown, Idaho, then in 1888 to Oakley, Idaho; later to Star Valley, Wyoming, where they resided for twenty years, and where Mrs. Clark was president of the Primary and Relief Society, respectively; and in 1908 the family moved to Farmington, which has since been their home. She was the mother of thirteen children, six boys and seven girls, twelve of whom are still living, with forty-two grandchildren living. Her four eldest sons have been on missions and all have been useful in Church activities. Mrs. Clark was an active Church worker and the president of the Y. M. M. I. A. and Genealogical Society, at Farmington, also a constant temple worker. She was of a sweet and sunny disposition and helped many down-hearted and discouraged people.—*Herbert D. Clark.*

The *Era* is a great help in interesting persons who do not readily read religious pamphlets. There is so much gospel preached through its pages, and so much to interest one in Utah itself, that we feel a great good is accomplished in passing it out to our friends and investigators. We enjoy it more and more, as we are away from home longer. The missionary work in Pacific Grove is progressing nicely. We are making plans for building a chapel; and have had two baptisms recently.—*Ruth Ellsworth*, Pacific Grove, California.

IMPROVEMENT ERA, AUGUST, 1927

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CONTENTS

Superintendency and General Board Y. M. M. I. A.	Frontispiece
"What Hath God Wrought!" A Poem	Orson F. Whitney 847
Latter-day Saints Ideals and Institutions	Orson F. Whitney 849
Summer. A Poem	Grace Ingles Frost 863
Temples of God	Bryant S. Hinckley 864
The Glacier. A Poem	Joseph Longking Townsend 868
Chivalry	John F. Bowman 869
A Man Among Men	Richard R. Lyman 872
Winners in the M. I. A. Final Contest. Illustrated	877
God the Artist	Raymond F. Peterson 887
Immortality. A Poem	Grace Ingles Frost 889
Ted's Race for Life. A Story	Carter E. Grant 890
The Day is done. A Poem	Beatrice Williams 899
Building on the Beginnings in Irrigation	Jerald E. Christiansen 900
"Old Faithful" Geyser. A Poem	Christen Hansen 903
Westerners in Action. Illustrated	904
Clam Fishing. Illustrated	Alice B. Palmer 908
A Wonderful Snowstorm	Joseph C. Bentley 910
A Monument Dedicated to the Honored Dead. Illustrated	Frank Beckwith 911
The First Step	913
Messages from the Missions. Illustrated	915
Work Around Home	J. C. Hogenson 922
Editors' Table—Reflections	924
Priesthood Quorums	926
Mutual Work	928
Passing Events	933

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HUMOROUS HINTS

A hick town is a place where all the billboards are found.—*Perrins*.

* * *

Soda Clerk (to flapper with dumb partner): "Is it a Nut Sundae?"
She: "No, every day of the week."

* * *

Just this morning an inspector from the city came into my place and wanted to know if I had any dumb waiters.

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"Figure that out, will you?"—*Mann Hatton in Public Ledger*.

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Soph—Pass the goat.

Freshie—The what?

Soph—Why, the butter, of course.—*D. C. R.*

* * *

"Is the Judge a Doctor?"

"No, why?"

"I just heard he gave a man his hearing today."—*Perrins.*

* * *

"*Young Eagle*" *Lindbergh* went up 10,000 feet trying to get above the sleet storm in his record flight, New York to Paris. Whereby the Minnesota boy busted another old saw—"that high flying does not pay."

* * *

Jim Bartlett was a right gay young sap,

He drove a flivver with a girl in his lap.

His arms he kept around her, mile after mile—

Now they've both gone where wings are the style.—*D. C. R.*

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Salt Lake City, Utah

Never kick a live wire when it is down.

* * *

"When I get new hose," said the flapper, "I always put my foot in it."—*Perrins*.

* * *

It is the easiest thing in the world for a man to keep his troubles to himself if he has none.

* * *

Some folks get a good aim in life but the most of them don't know enough to pull the trigger.

* * *

Young Man (to little girl): "How does your big sister like the ring I gave her?"

Little Girl: "Oh, she likes it, but it's a little too small."

Young Man: "Surely not."

Little Girl: "Yes, 'cause she can't slip it off quick enough when she sees the other fellow coming."—*M. Y. S.*

"For a Long Time I Was Skeptical— Now, I Am Entirely Convinced."

The Presiding Elder of the Missionary Home, Mr. LeRoi C. Snow, Salt Lake City, recommends Fleischmann's Yeast for Health very highly, and has written as follows:

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* * *

Corns are proof that nature is capable of small, mean things.

* * *

Look pleasant if you have to force a laugh, because life is always taking your photograph.

* * *

Jim—Hank's gone into the air service.

Tim—Just where he belongs, he's no earthly good.—D. C. R.

* * *

People who have nothing to do but visit, are the worst kind of bores.

The chap who hasn't much above his nose has to push out his chest to make a showing.

* * *

Client—I want to divorce my husband. He is crazy.

Lawyer—Was he crazy when you married him?

Client—No, I was.—D. C. R.

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